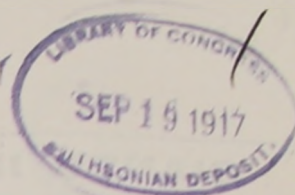


Light:



A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER IS NOT MADE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Looking, week by week, over the issues of LIGHT of 1887 in quest of paragraphs for "A Generation Ago" we find a good deal that to-day has acquired a slight flavour of antiquity. Times have changed and we have changed with them. Much that in those days was charged with personal interest has no longer any appeal, for the persons concerned have "gone on" and so have most of those who were interested in their work, and hardly a memory remains. It is the same with many of the controversies that were then lively and important. The questions that divided the disputants have long been settled by the advance of knowledge. There is nothing more to dispute over. We have moved on to clearer understandings, and some of the old problems only afflict new comers who imagine that they have stumbled on difficulties hitherto unknown. We are presented to-day with all kinds of "new" puzzles and posers which were old thirty years ago, and which the thought of those days worked out and solved satisfactorily, building them into the foundations of a concrete philosophy. We can only advise our inquirers and aspirants to take a course of serious reading in psychic subjects before setting out on their own voyages of discovery. Then they will not be so prone to call the attention of the navigators to the existence of "new islands" which turn out on closer acquaintance to be merely floating masses of seaweed, or to raise an alarm about rocks and shoals which were observed and accurately charted before the young explorers were born.

* * *

Between us and those old days of which we have been speaking—so remote to the younger generation, and but as yesterday to many of the veterans still amongst us—there has come in the great war, changing perspectives and viewpoints so tremendously that it has wrought something like a revolution in our thinking. It was about this time thirty years ago that one of the ablest writers in LIGHT gave utterance to the following sentiments:—

As long as Spiritualists are unspiritual, so long as they, actuated by the selfishness they call love, or by an over-weening conceit, keep before the world, for that world's wonder and amusement, the small delight of sentimental communication with the unseen, so long must we expect that [current general] literature, which is beginning to dabble in that of which it knows but very little, to fall into the pruriency which distinguishes one class of writers, or the sickly folly which characterises another class.

Spiritualism has work before it of the highest kind, but for that work to be done well Spiritualism must be spiritual, even, if necessary, to the eclipse of that which selfishness calls the

natural affections. To obtain messages apparently from a departed child, sister or wife seems at first a very beautiful thing; a little consideration should show that it may be cruel, even when opportunity is not given for the exhibition of falsehood on the part of agencies whose own spirituality is, if not of the earth, earthy, certainly not of the heaven, heavenly. The knowledge that there is a spirit-life is spreading abroad everywhere, it is influencing where it is unacknowledged, and gradually permeating all thought and action—it is for Spiritualists to determine whether that revived knowledge shall be a blessing or a curse.

It is all true enough, and yet somehow we think that had he been living to-day he would have said it differently. For death is abroad to-day as never before in the world's history, and while there is not the less need for Spiritualism to be spiritual, the "natural affections" have reached a stage at which their needs are great and urgent. Allowances must now be made for hosts of persons whose elemental demands have to be satisfied before they can be urged onwards to the larger impersonal views of life and human destiny.

* * *

It is somewhat irritating when we do not know whether a story is intended to be regarded as fact or fiction. If the yarn entitled "My Own True Ghost Story," by M. F., communicated to the "Psychical Research Review" (New York, U.S.A.) for July by Mr. Hereward Carrington, is a record of fact it is a very remarkable case. Purporting to be narrated by a successful artist, it tells how, when a lonely young art student in Paris, he is visited on successive evenings by a feminine presence. He sees nothing, but he hears the rustle of her dress as she moves about his studio, is conscious of her interest in his work and of her criticism and encouragement, and forms so vivid a mental picture of her that he is able to sense her very features and colouring. In her society his loneliness vanishes; her visits cease for a time and he is unable to do anything or think of anything. One evening, on entering the studio, he finds her waiting for him; his whole being throbs with joy and recognition and he works again with renewed eagerness. A year passes by. He returns to America and there meets the lady in the flesh. Mutual recognition is followed by marriage. Her visits to his studio had been paid by her "etheric self" during a very long illness and delirium in New York. There have been such cases in real life, but the examples in fiction (Rudyard Kipling's "They" for instance) tend to create a suggestion of romance and the creative imagination. But perhaps the creative imagination is at work in the actual experiences, and the division between fiction and fact may be thinner than we think.

* * *

On another page we print a dignified reply by Sir Oliver Lodge to some of his critics. It is curious to learn that in the columns of the "Medical Press" Dr. Mercier challenges Sir Oliver to quote some of his (Dr. Mercier's) careless or erroneous statements. We should imagine that, when the doctor wrote, he had not seen the very trenchant

criticism by the Rev. Ellis G. Roberts, with its scathing allusion to Dr. Mercier's dictum that "professional conjurers are the most competent to deal with Spiritualistic phenomena." As our readers will remember, Mr. Roberts drew an amusing picture of an unfortunate professor of legerdemain being set down to study the "Faunus Episode" in "Raymond" or "The Ear of Dionysius." "A conjurer!" wrote Mr. Roberts, "Why not a contortionist at once?" In the leader in *LIGHT* of July 28th we referred to Dr. Mercier's statement that no professional conjurer had been convinced of the truth of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. We showed that that statement was incorrect, quoting the names of Robert Houdin, Harry Kellar and Samuel Bellachini as among professional conjurers who had admitted their inability to explain the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. We shall look forward with interest to Sir Oliver Lodge's promised rejoinder in the next issue of the "Hibbert Journal."

AN IRISH WAR PROPHECY.

The "Star" of the 22nd ult. contained a remarkable article by the talented Irish authoress, Katharine Tynan, on the prophecies current in the West of Ireland. She makes special allusion to the prophecies of St. Columkille, long passed from lip to lip among the Irish peasants, and which were gathered into a book about 1840. Miss Tynan has not herself seen the book, but has heard some of the predictions about the Great War that are implicitly accepted by the people. One is that the time would come when there would be so few men that a girl looking from her cottage door would say, "Mother, mother, I saw a man." Another she has been told is that "Ireland will be in trouble for a year before the war is ended, and then she will be saved by Spain, and after that she will have peace." But the most interesting prophecy she has to relate is a local one widely talked of in the west, which has been partly fulfilled.

A hundred and twenty years ago, or thereabouts, there lived in the mountains of Mayo a man named Carabine, who had the gift of prophecy. He prophesied, among many other things, that in four generations from him should be born a woman who would see the greatest war of the world, and be killed in the ending of it. Her name was to be Margaret Regan. She would come from the mountains to the plains, and at Ballycroy she would marry a man named Michael Callaghan, and have two daughters and a son. In her lifetime would come the greatest war the world had ever seen.

One day she should be going to the well for water, and she should be wearing a dress of checks—I shall not pretend to give the Irish for it. Stooping to the well she should be startled by a great noise from the sea, and looking that way, she should see many lights off Achill. She should run to give the alarm, but be overtaken by strange men speaking a foreign tongue, and be killed by them at the Rock of the Horse. And that would be at the very end of the Great War.

Miss Tynan goes on to relate that about thirty years ago a country girl bearing the name of Margaret Regan came from the Dale Mountains in Tyrawley to take service with a certain doctor at Ballycroy. The doctor told her of Carabine's prediction, but she nevertheless accepted the situation and later married his servant man, Michael Callaghan, with whom she went to live in a tiny bog-holding at Kildun, overlooking Achill and the sea, where she bore him the son and daughters of the prophecy. Someone (Miss Tynan does not say who—perhaps it was herself) has been to see Mrs. Callaghan (now a woman of sixty years of age) and found her working in the field with her husband and one of her daughters, and wearing the check dress of the prophecy. She pointed to the "Rock of the Horse," an immense boulder some fifty feet high, and explained that there was no way out from the bog but by that rock, so that if she had to run to warn her neighbours that would be the way she would have to take. "But sure," she philosophically observed, "what has to be will be, and there's no good going against it."

We have multitudes of spectators on all our actions when we think ourselves most alone.—ADDISON.

AN ATTACK ON MRS. WRIEDT.

FACTS *versus* PRESUMPTIONS.

A Canadian reader of *LIGHT* sends us a copy of a Montreal illustrated paper of the gossip variety, bearing the appropriate name of "The Weekly Tatler," and calls attention to an article headed "Etta Wriedt's Tricks Exposed, by C. W. Lane." We print a comma at "exposed," though there is none in the original, because we note that Mr. Lane does not claim to have had any personal experience of Mrs. Wriedt's mediumship. He only reports the conclusions of certain investigators, whose names he is not at liberty to mention, who have attended some of that lady's séances in Montreal, and, being in complete ignorance of the laws of mediumship, have decided, on the strength of some incorrect replies to questions (one of the sitters put a purposely misleading question) and other circumstances which they regarded as suspicious, that the whole thing was trickery. Of absolute evidence of fraud not a vestige is offered. The writer alludes at the commencement of the article to Mrs. Wriedt's "great reputation vouched for by persons of considerable repute," but it does not seem to have occurred to him to attach any weight to the verdict of these persons or to inquire into the facts on which it is based, though these are surely entitled to at least as much consideration as are the reports of his "investigators." Our correspondent states that at two of the séances referred to he sat next to Mrs. Wriedt, and was quite satisfied as to the genuine character of her mediumship. He wishes, however, for some further material with which to refute the charges made in the "Tatler." We can do little else than refer him to Vice-Admiral Moore's book, entitled "The Voices," to the articles from his pen descriptive of Mrs. Wriedt's mediumship which appeared in the volumes of *LIGHT* for 1911 and 1912, and to Mr. James Coates' accounts, in the following year, of nine sittings which the medium gave in July, 1912, at his home in Rothesay. These are full of evidential matter, but we can only find space here for a few of the statements made by one of the Rothesay sitters—Mr. Alexander Bryson, a Glasgow merchant residing at Nenthorpe, Ayr:—

At the Rothesay sittings I received personal messages of the nature of which it was impossible the medium could have had the slightest idea. . . . Into the truth of spirit return I do not mean to enter here. I merely wish to give you my impressions. If there is not such a thing as spirit return, how can messages be given the nature of which is known only to two persons, the discarnate giver and the embodied receiver? People may ascribe it to telepathy, mind-reading on the part of the medium. I am prepared to pit my brain against any living medium, and will guarantee that mine is not read. The messages I received at Rothesay were about furthest from my thoughts, and those which I desired most to come did not do so on that occasion. . . . What can be made of an intelligence who takes one of the sitters back thirty years, and reminds her of an incident in her life long since forgotten, but verified beyond a doubt? . . . A spirit came to me whom I did not know in life, and who, I am certain, was unknown to the medium. After getting my recognition of his identity, he gave me a loving message to his surviving son, a personal friend of mine. The facts also touched on were known by me to be actual, and to be outside the knowledge of anyone present. He also gave me information which I have since ascertained to be correct.

Another spirit visitor reminded me of having lent him money to go to America years ago. He had seen me in Montreal last June. He had died there. This was the first opportunity he had of informing me of the fact. Possibly the repayment of the money was worrying him, hence the visit. He had passed out of my remembrance.

My dear wife came and spoke quite a long time and gave me facts and messages of much too personal a nature to publish, but of an absolutely convincing and evidential character.

I speak from my own experiences and I have no hesitation in declaring that neither the medium nor any other person present could possibly have known any of my visitants, and less still any of the conversations. Almost every other person present received messages of a more or less convincing nature. . . .

I have numerous notes but space forbids. I have no alternative but to come to the conclusion that: (1) The voices were

those of the medium. (2) They were not those of any person present. (3) The personal reminiscences and conversations were completely outside the ken of anyone present. Being so, the only logical conclusion is that they were those of discarnate friends.

—LIGHT, 1913 (page 161).

No presumptions of trickery, based on occasional mistakes or failure to establish identity on the part of the communicating intelligences, can stand for a moment against positive testimony of this character, and there is any amount of it in the records to which we allude.

But for our correspondent's appeal we should not have designed to give Mr. Lane's article, or the journal in which it appears, the benefit of any advertisement in our columns. The note by which the article is prefaced is quite sufficient to account for our disinclination to do so. Among other information about Mrs. Wriedt with which it is thought necessary to furnish the "Tatler's" readers are the statements that she is "small in stature," "not pleasing in appearance," and "has weak and crafty eyes." Whoever is responsible for this piece of choice taste needs to be told that it is one of the commonest marks of a common mind to indulge in disparaging allusions to the physiognomy of the person who chances to incur its displeasure. Whether this sort of thing is aimed at private individuals or Ministers of State, it rebounds on the offender. Mrs. Wriedt may comfort herself with the knowledge that she suffers in good company. In this country, not long ago, some nobody described the men on whom devolved the task of steering the ship of State in circumstances of unexampled difficulty and peril as "pudding-faced." One wonders whether before penning that jibe its author glanced in his mirror and congratulated himself on the superior blend of strength and refinement in the features it reflected!

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1887.)

Perhaps the best collection of hauntings we have yet had is to be found in the various publications of the Society for Psychical Research. . . . But what village, what old terrace or square, is there without some story of uncanny lights or noises?

In the current number of "Le Spiritisme," M. Louis Noel recurs to the subject, one or two stories of a most uncomfortable nature being recorded, but the point which the writer insists on is the effect of these hauntings, even when unrecognised, on the inhabitants of the haunted places. M. Noel records the fact, asserted by the Marquis de Mirville, that under the first Empire there existed a sentinel's box in the courtyard of the Invalides, in which eight soldiers hanged themselves one after another in less than a year. The practical Emperor very properly had that hut burnt.

The writer also refers to the suicide of the brilliant Prévost Paradol who killed himself without any apparent reason soon after his arrival in the United States as French Ambassador. Many will remember how this sad termination of a distinguished literary career was attributed by some to remorse at Paradol's becoming the servant of Napoleon III. M. Noel, however, asserts that the house in which the suicide took place had been distinguished by four similar events within two years.

To anyone conversant with the Italian language it will prove highly interesting to study a small volume by the Count Alessandro Verri, entitled "Notti Romane," being an account published in the year 1792—second edition in 1804, and the twentieth edition, by Baudry, of Paris, in 1834—of a series of "Nights" spent at the tomb of Scipio, when Spiritualistic form manifestations took place. The descriptions given of these correspond exactly with what is witnessed at séances of the present day. The "Colloquies" teach exactly the same doctrine as that given through the best inspirational writers and speakers of this day. The "Colloquy" with "A Parricide" teaches the truth so well set forth by "M.A. (Oxon.);" that we cannot escape the consequences of our own actions.—H.

"SOME PROBLEMS IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."—It should be mentioned that the article by Miss Dallas on page 277 was written in May last, but its publication has been delayed, partly from want of space.

"THE INVISIBLE FOE."

MR. H. B. IRVING IN A NEW "PSYCHIC" DRAMA.

Mr. Walter Hackett is not only a clever playwright, but he sets a good example to those who would instruct or entertain the public on a subject in which there is a rapidly growing interest—he has taken the pains to know something about it. Of course, he has had to adapt his knowledge to the requirements of the stage, but he has managed, in spite of these limitations, to produce a play that is at once delightful and impressive. It holds the attention of the audience throughout, and secures every sign of warm approval. Those who recall "The Barton Mystery" by the same author, produced at the Savoy last year, will remember that Mr. Irving then took the part of Beverley, a professional medium, and delineated the queer mixture of reality and illusion which (in some cases, not all) is the mark of the psychic temperament. Beverley had real mediumistic powers, but he was not indisposed to eke them out by imposture: he was the victim of that instability of character which marks the medium who is not morally as well as psychically developed. In the new play the presentation of the psychical element is shifted to the opposite pole, and we get a picture of supernormal faculty in its higher phases, for this time the medium, Helen Bransby (charmingly played by Miss Fay Compton), is a young girl in a social circle removed from all the temptations of professionalism, and "spirit influence" pervades the piece as an atmosphere rather than as a series of uncanny episodes. These are present, of course, but not obtrusively, and Mr. H. B. Irving as Stephen Pryde, the villain (a strong materialist, scornful of discarnate spirits), finds in the part opportunities for powerful pieces of characterisation. Stephen Pryde does not believe in ghosts, but he is afraid of them, and in at least one place Mr. Irving's acting of the guilty rogue, almost maniacal with fear of the "unknown," yet struggling desperately to carry his vile schemes to a successful end, could hardly be surpassed for intensity. The writhing form, the horror-stricken face, the eyes gleaming and the mouth gibbering with terror—it was a touch of genius. But the tragic note was not insistent. Mrs. Hilary (Miss Marion Lorne) as a husband-hunting, amiable, hare-brained American widow, with her firm reliance on spirit oracles, supplies some of the fun. She is forewarned of the death of Helen Bransby's father, Richard Bransby (Mr. Sydney Valentine), and the warning turns out to be quite correct, an incident which Mr. Hackett seems to have insinuated as a subtle hint that the existence of "flummery" does not exclude the real thing altogether. But apart from Mr. Irving's masterly work, the main interest lies in the love story of the sweet-natured Helen, firm in the faith (which meets its due reward) that the guidance of the father so fondly loved will lead her to the hiding-place of the documents that will prove the innocence of her soldier lover, Hugh Pryde (Mr. Edward Combermere). Here we had not only a great emotional appeal that went to the hearts of the audience, but an artistic presentation of some of the finer issues that turn on the idea of the influence of the "dead" in human affairs. There is significance in the fact that the play has taken hold on the public, and it is amusing to note that a journal associated with recent attacks on "Psychism" alludes to it as a "satire" on the subject. The least educated member of the Savoy audience would know better than that.

D. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The editor will be out of town during the first fortnight of September. Letters requiring personal attention will therefore be held over until his return.

PSYCHOMETRY.—Mr. James Coates rightly takes exception to the reference on page 254 to Professor Denton as "the discoverer of psychometry." This, of course, is incorrect. Denton certainly made and recorded discoveries in connection with it, but he was preceded, as Mr. Coates points out, by Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, who indeed coined the word "psychometry." As Mr. Coates says: "It was not until after reading about Buchanan's discoveries in the 'Journal of Man,' 1849, that Professor Denton commenced his experiments in psychometry with his sister, Mrs. Denton Cridge."

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1917.

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. 2. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—LIGHT may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 85 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. 4, and LIGHT can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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THE ENLARGING CIRCLE.

Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn.

—EMERSON.

A great English statesman—we think it was the late Lord Salisbury—advised the use of "large maps," and his advice, although it related only to political questions of territory, has a wide application. The only way to arrive at just conclusions regarding any question is to study it in its large as well as in its small aspects, and the very worst method of showing zeal for a particular subject, no matter what it may be, is to regard it as necessarily falsifying any other subject with which the zealot may not be in sympathy.

Let us apply the proposition to Spiritualism. In its small aspect it appears to run counter to many forms of faith and practice, and those who take the narrow side of it feel themselves opposed to these things in essence, not perceiving that Truth is an *inclusive* thing and that the larger a truth the more capable it is of comprehending all its lower forms, giving them interpretation and unifying them with itself. To us the spiritual view of life is a central Truth and as such is capable of comprehending everything else that is in any degree harmonious with the principles of Nature. The conflict is not between creeds and doctrines, it is between those who follow them with the idea that their particular forms of faith are necessarily antagonistic to the rest. Those who contemplate on the large scale the war between Religion and Science know that the whole issue on which it is fought out is a mistaken one. Religion does not become false because Science is true, nor need Science be falsified because of the verity of Religion. We can draw a circle large enough to include both, and even show, not merely that they can co-exist, but that neither can healthily exist without the other.

It is the same with Spiritualism and Materialism. Neither can live its full life without the other, and yet amongst some of the followers of each there is frequently an attitude of bitter hostility. Of course while the Spiritualist derides Materialism as a "mud-philosophy" and the Materialist rails on Spiritualism as a superstition involving the existence of mythical gods and ghosts, relics of savage superstition, nothing else is to be expected. The fact is that Materialism is *not* a mud-philosophy at all, but a necessary study of physical laws, obedience to which is essential to the general welfare of man as a physical being. Spiritualism, on the other hand, is not a superstition based on ancient myths but a living philosophy concerning everything that relates to man as a spiritual being. We do not know any Spiritualist so stupid as to deny that man has a

physical nature, but we do know that materialists as a body deny the spiritual part of him and to that extent lay themselves open to the censure of those who have discovered the larger truth. We have no quarrel with Materialism as such. We find it a part, and an essential part, of any comprehensive philosophy of life. But we join issue very decisively with materialists who inform us, in effect, that Materialism being true Spiritualism is false. Our reply is simply: Both are true. They must stand or fall together. Whether a house is rotten in its foundations or its superstructure it is equally doomed.

We have drawn a large circle, but not too large a one for those who can take a comprehensive view. Doubtless there are people who, holding Materialism as a complete truth, would at this point begin to talk derisively about table-rappings, "spooky manifestations," and the rest of the clap-trap with which it is the fashion to delude the ignorant. Our reply then would be that the supernormal phenomenon is a fact, but that the attempt to reduce the whole proposition of Spiritualism to *séance* terms is a trick and that the materialist knows it to be a trick. It is very much the same kind of trick as that by which the socialist is depicted by the capitalist as a ravening creature anxious to destroy and plunder the Commonwealth by the aid of pistol and dynamite and wholesale murder, or the capitalist is described by the socialist as a heartless monster batten on greedily on the lives of the workers, ready to clutch the farthings from the hungry sempstress or to steal the milk from her infant.

We should by this time have progressed beyond the stage of debating tricks of this kind. At any rate, this is no time for playing the fool about any serious proposition. And the immense mass of scientifically attested facts and well-reasoned philosophy coming under the head of "Spiritualism" is a very important proposition indeed. Had the materialist given one tithe of the time and attention to it which some of us have bestowed on Materialism he would recognise as much, and raise the tone of his criticism. He would find that Spiritualism is simply an enlargement of his own circle of thinking by persons who have in many instances passed through the same mental experiences and who are philosophical enough to realise that they have still an infinite amount to learn; and that still larger circles remain to be drawn. Let him study the experiments of Dr. Crawford as proceeding consecutively along the lines of physical research. They represent a kind of *pons asinorum* which has to be crossed by those who proceed along materialistic lines. The materialist would laugh contemptuously if any school of pietists attempted to obstruct the course of chemistry by obstinately representing it as consisting entirely of comic little experiments with sodium and potassium for the edification of schoolboys, with incidental temptations to handle substances with which they may blow themselves up. He would know better on *that* subject: he should know better on *this*. There is no obligation on any of our opponents to study this subject, but there is a distinct obligation on them, not only in the interests of good sense but in their own interests, not to expose themselves by setting up as authorities on a question concerning which their ignorance is so great that they can hardly write a sentence without betraying it. They should either enlarge their circle or stay contentedly in the one they have marked out for themselves as their particular province. Of course they must ultimately transcend it, if not of their own will then by the compulsion of Life, for, once more to cite Emerson:—

The life of man is a self-evolving circle, which from a ring imperceptibly small rushes on all sides outwards to new and larger circles, and that without end.

CRITICS OF PSYCHICAL ENQUIRY.

(FROM SIR OLIVER LODGE.)

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—My critics have been busy and vocal lately, and it is sometimes urged that I should reply to them.

To Dr. Mercier's article in the July number of the "Hibbert Journal" I wrote a reply at once, though it will not appear till the October number of that publication. Since then I have seen his book, and note that he is so very certain of the falsity of my facts and inferences that he is not always careful about the way in which he attacks them. Nevertheless, in so far as his expert views on mental disease deter excitable and feeble-minded persons from immersing themselves too tumultuously in the subject, he may be doing good.

There is another book, by Mr. Walter Cook, called "Reflexions on Raymond" which represents a low type of controversy. The method there adopted is to distribute accusations broadcast, without the slightest foundation. On p. 30 I am accused of suppressing a part (which, as a matter of fact, was not written) of a memoir by my eldest son; the suggestion obviously being that it was probably against my views. On p. 67 Mr. Peters, a man of specially abstemious and simple life, is represented as probably drunk, because his control "Moonstone" speaks rather broken English. And throughout the book Mrs. Kennedy—a bereaved mother keenly anxious for trustworthy evidence—is suspected of unrecorded leakage and bad faith.

The author's carelessness is illustrated in other ways; for instance, by his assertion, on p. 80, that the group photograph shows not "the slightest vestige of the moustache with which Peters supplies him." He has not taken the trouble to look.

On the whole, it is perhaps best to leave to judicious readers the question of how much value to attach to prejudiced, hasty, and irresponsible criticism. I observe that in the columns of the "Medical Press" Dr. Mercier challenges me to quote some of his own careless or erroneous statements. It is a disagreeable and unprofitable way of spending time, and I do not feel called upon to respond; but I probably shall, as he seems to wish it. I see no reason why his forensic ability may not ultimately be enlisted on the side of caution and common sense, if only he can overcome his *a priori* prejudices.

Yours faithfully,

OLIVER LODGE.

"LIGHT" MAINTENANCE AND ADVERTISEMENT
COMPENSATION FUND.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the following further donation to this fund:—

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R. G. A.	0	10	10

THE heart changes quickly because it lies nearer to the fountains of life than the brain. A stupid man cannot become instantly wise, but many a bad man has become suddenly good.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has kindly promised to deliver an address before the London Spiritualist Alliance at the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, on Thursday, October 25th, the title of the address to be "The New Revelation."

"We asked 'life' of Thee and Thou gavest it him." These words caught our eye in an announcement in the "Daily News" of August 23rd, that release from his sufferings had at last come to a young soldier wounded in France a year ago. Would that all whose loved ones are called to pass within the veil could think of them thus—not as leaving life, but as entering into it.

SOME PROBLEMS IN PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH.

(SUGGESTED BY THE BOOK "RAYMOND.")

BY H. A. DALLAS.

It is too soon to estimate what will be the permanent effect of the publication of Sir Oliver Lodge's book "Raymond," but we may already take account of the immediate effect. It is not too much to say that no book on psychical matters has ever had such a wide influence in so short a time. It has arrested the attention of many who have hitherto passed the subject by; it has broken down doubts which yielded to no other evidence; it has comforted sorrowful hearts; it has strengthened conviction among the already convinced; it has encouraged to fresh efforts those who have been striving for years in an unpopular cause. To have accomplished this is a privilege for which, we may be sure, the author of the book willingly pays the price—a heavy one, for the first item was the sacrifice of a dearly loved son; the smaller items, doubtless, being many vexatious circumstances and petty criticisms.

There is, of course, another side to the matter. The book has caused perplexity, and, perhaps, some distress. The opposition with which it has been met in some quarters is not always and wholly factious. Those who are prepared to admit the evidential value of many incidents recorded, who would gladly welcome the conclusions to which these incidents lead, are set back by some details which in their opinion lower their conception of a future life. For readers who feel thus one should have much sympathy. They do not know how to estimate the relative value of the "verifiable" and "unverifiable" matter; if the former justifies the belief that Raymond Lodge was actually in communication they do not quite see why Sir Oliver Lodge should seem so uncertain about the genuineness of the unverifiable statements. He explains his reason for this on page 192, but it is probably only those who have given some study to the subject of mediumship and the difficulties of communication who will understand altogether what he means by the phrase "some statements are peculiarly liable to unintentional sophistication by the medium." Footnotes on pp. 196 and 199 show that he does not accept at their face value many things which Feda, the "control," says; and it is probably just these things which offer the greatest stumbling block to an untrained reader, who hesitates to commit himself to the conclusion to which the evidential incidents point, because he thinks that to accept these may involve the acceptance of other statements which repel him and which seem to him derogatory and absurd.

To a student, of course, the matter presents itself in a different aspect. For the student has learned to understand that communication through a medium is a more complex matter than the inexperienced often suppose, that it is not an easy mode of intercourse but subject to all sorts of impediments. To begin with, the communicator is *thinking*, not talking. One who communicated through Mrs. Piper (in trance) said: "I cannot tell just how you hear me. . . . How do you hear me speak when we speak by thought only?" Sometimes a word is exactly conveyed, but more often it is the *idea* which reaches the mind of the medium, or the "control," and there takes shape in any language which the medium finds easiest. The idea may be misunderstood, mistranslated, so to speak, and the conditions in another life being unfamiliar to the medium these ideas may be expressed in language suitable only to material things. Therefore such descriptions are very likely to be misleading, and no great value can be attached to them, and any attempt to treat them as authoritative and accurate is likely, as Sir Oliver Lodge has said, "to retard the development of the subject in the minds of critical persons" (p. 192).

In a helpful book (now unfortunately out of print), "From Matter to Spirit," by Mrs. De Morgan, the following communication is quoted: "Heaven has its couches, its rests, its coverings, its comforts; none need mourn for those of earth; but attempt to name them with the equivalent of earth the resem-

blance dies away . . . the words fail as well as the ideas" (p. 204).

Similarly Mrs. Underwood, in a book called "Automatic Writing," tells us that, in answer to a question put by her husband, "What can you tell as to the locality of your sphere?" this reply was received, "There are no words in your language which we can make useful. Verbal words of expression are inadequate to express that of which there is no equivalent on your plane." These and other communications of the same nature seem quite reasonable, but those who have not studied other writings on this subject have no means of making comparisons which assist interpretations.

Another cause of confusion with which students of Psychical Research are familiar is that "marginal thoughts" are liable to intervene—that is to say, thoughts present in the mind of the medium, or fugitive thoughts in the mind of the communicating intelligence. In one of the communications received by that careful investigator, Professor Hyslop,* this sentence occurs: "It is almost impossible to let nothing but the pure present expression come. Try it yourself in the ordinary conversation of life and see how the fugitive drops in and is constantly bringing misunderstanding of the idea you are trying to express."

It may be impossible to correct mistakes made in this way, for the communicator may not even be aware of how much of his message has reached, or the form in which it was transmitted. Moreover, in many cases only fragments of the idea sent really reach; we must allow for the fact that the *untransmitted* portions might elucidate the messages. In a communication claiming to come from Frederic Myers (through Mrs. Holland, who is well known to Psychical Researchers) he says: "Then we feel as if only one sentence reached of twenty we try to send" (S.P.R. Proceedings, Part LV., p. 248).

To these and other causes of confusion must be added the questions asked by the friend who is waiting for a message and who is, perhaps, eager to get a reply on some particular point. We have to picture to ourselves the unseen intelligence striving to concentrate thought so that it may reach the incarnate mind and be clearly received, and then we shall easily see that questions may introduce a very disturbing element.

Professor Hyslop tells us that, "Every question may more or less disturb the equilibrium established by the communicator." One of these communicators expresses the difficulty thus: "Every word from another sets a train of thought in motion." That train of thought may be started in the mind of the medium, with the result that passivity is lost and the message from the unseen is not received at all, or it may start the imagination of the "control," or it may prevent concentration on the part of the communicating mind.

Sometimes it may be desirable to risk all this for a purpose. Both Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Hyslop occasionally ask questions quite deliberately; but we must reckon with the disturbance likely to ensue and discount the answers to that extent.

George Pelham, one of the clearest communicators through Mrs. Piper, evidently found interruptions very trying. He says: "Why do you confuse me so? Why don't you let me go on and tell you what she says, without interrupting me so often?"

It may only be by concentration that the one who sends the message can keep in touch, or keep "hold" on the receiving medium. Loss of contact is referred to by communicators as an explanation of confusion, thus: "Then I began to lose my grasp of the light."† "I lost my hold on the light; that is where the trouble began." When concentration flags wandering thoughts and fancies are liable to intervene; and thoughts from other minds may intrude and be received by the medium. What occurs at a telephone when bits of other conversations

are intercepted may illustrate this cause of confusion in mediumistic experience.

These considerations should make it clear why anyone who has made no study of mediumship will find stumbling-blocks where, with more experience, a student can pick his way.

This does not imply that we are justified in discarding wholesale such descriptions as we find in "Raymond" and other books concerning conditions on the other side of death. We should be careful not to "throw away the baby with the bath-water." There must be an originating impulse, or stimulus, for the elaborate details which are given in "Raymond" and elsewhere. The stimulus may be of mundane origin. Sir Oliver Lodge intimates that he thinks so when he writes, "I confess I think that Feda may have got a great deal of this, perhaps all of it, from people who have read or written some of the books referred to in my introductory remarks" (p. 198). And again: "I have not traced the source of all this supposed information" (p. 199).

But when there are evidential tokens of contact with Raymond in the same interview we must admit that it is at least possible that the stimulus came from him, that the descriptive talk contains certain ideas which he wished to convey, although in transmission they may have become much altered and distorted.

By what method can we discriminate between the true idea and the fictitious or misleading setting? First we should seek to discover the idea underlying the discursive descriptions, and, if we think we have recognised it, then we should compare it with other statements coming through mediumistic channels, not excluding those which seem at first sight contradictory; these may, perhaps, supply some illuminating clue. If we find that these ideas, on the whole, corroborate one another, we should further consider the matter in the light of analogies in our own experience. For the oneness of the universe is manifested most emphatically in the universality of the principles or laws which govern it. We have no reason to suppose that the event of death makes a real break in the continuity of life, or that the same fundamental principles which govern life and mind on earth no longer govern life and mind in another state of existence.

To illustrate this point I will take one of the paragraphs which have proved most difficult and even repellent in "Raymond." I refer to page 197.

Bearing in mind the considerations set forth in the preceding pages, let us examine the statements made on the subject of physical cravings felt and satisfied in the next life, and discover what are the main ideas which these statements seem intended to convey.

Feda (Mrs. Leonard's "control") says: "He (Raymond) says he does not want to eat now, but he sees some who do; he says they have to be given something which has all the appearance of an earth food. People here try to provide everything that is wanted. A chap came over the other day who would have a cigar." After stating that all sorts of things can be manufactured, "Feda" continues:—

It's not the same as on the earth plane, but they were able to manufacture what looked like a cigar. . . . But when he began to smoke it, he didn't think so much of it. He had four altogether, and now he does not look at one. They don't seem to get the same satisfaction out of it, so gradually it seems to drop from them. But when they first come they do want things. . . . He wants people to realise that it's just as natural as on the earth plane.

The main idea lies in the last sentence. "No sudden heaven or hell" awaits man on the other side of death. Life seems natural over there *because the same principles which govern life here prevail and control conditions there also!* Raymond is anxious to impress on us that "it's just as natural as on the earth plane."

One of the principles which we find at work in this life is the power of habit. It is a dominating principle in all evolution; it is by habit that creatures climb or fall in the scale of being. A British Tommy shot out of his earthly body is not instantaneously liberated from this principle. Perhaps he passed over with his pipe in his mouth, and *if he was the*

* Some of the points discussed in this article will be found fully dealt with in papers by Professor James H. Hyslop in the "Journal of Psychical Research," January and February, 1917.

† A medium is called a "light" by some of those who communicate, the explanation being that a medium presents to them a certain luminosity.

slave of the tobacco habit is it likely that he would suddenly lose all desire for "a smoke"? There is no reason to expect this miracle to happen; it is contrary to all experience. Comparison with other mediumistic statements abundantly corroborates the belief that habits formed in this life continue until the spirit learns to cast them off.

That this is true of mental habits would probably be readily admitted. The puzzle is, how can it apply after death to physical habits? This is easily conceivable when we remember that, as science teaches us, physical sensations are really, in the last resort, mental experiences. It is the mind that is conscious of sensations, not the molecules of the body, not even the nerves, which are merely the channels through which vibrations are transmitted to the brain, there to produce changes which, in some inexplicable way, are interpreted by the mind as sensations.

When we have grasped the fact that it is the mind, not the body, which experiences pleasure or pain we should find no difficulty in believing that ministering spirits *can*, if need be, produce sensations in those under their care who have passed out of the body. George Herbert, realising the power of thought, wrote:—

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here;
That apprehension cured so well my foot,
That I can walk to heaven well near.

Experience and science fully endorse the idea here expressed. But still the question remains, Why should ministering spirits pander to these earthly desires? An analogy may suggest the answer. In homes for the cure of inebriates it is, I believe, customary to provide a harmless beverage to administer when the alcohol craving comes on. After the habit has been broken off the patient may be subject to this craving from time to time, and as a help in such moments of trial this method is obviously wise. Thus patients are gradually assisted, as by a crutch, until they can dispense with the support. There must be very many who having, up to the hour of death, identified their conscious life with the physical body and its environment, would feel after death as if they were still possessed of a physical body and find their thoughts naturally turn to physical things.

An analogous experience frequently occurs when a limb has been amputated; the man who has lost his leg still feels as if he had it. A sudden shock may amputate (so to speak) the whole physical organism, and yet the man may still feel as if he had it because he retains sensations which have become a mental habit. It ought to comfort us to believe that tender sympathy is at hand to supply the needs of a spirit when under such conditions, and that he is cared for not less wisely and skilfully than he would be in a convalescent home on earth, and is gradually weaned from things physical, the severance being made as easy as may be.

Feda says, "When he began to smoke it, he did not think so much of it." It seems that thought concentration on the craving was diverted by the supply of the desired sensation. "They don't seem to get the same satisfaction out of it, so gradually it drops from them. But when they first come they do want things." The naturalness and common sense in this remark are obvious.

I do not wish to intimate that the effect is only produced by mental suggestion, the record distinctly implies that means are used which are as real and objective for those in that life as external objects are to us in this. One might say a good deal in that point, but to do so would unduly extend this article; it is sufficient for my present purpose to illustrate the general principle of interpretation by this single instance. I cannot, however, leave this illustration without pointing out its ethical bearings. If it is true that physical habits and sensations become part of our mental make up and have a persistence which may last after the physical body has been left for ever, how careful everyone should be to be master of all habits, to be able to break with them at will. It is a matter of practice; it is only those who have become the slave of habits in this life, and who have identified their consciousness with the body and its

physical environment, who will be still earth-bound in thought and sensation when the door of the next world opens to them and they are called to pass in.

The ideal condition for those who wish to claim self-possession and the freedom of spiritual beings has hardly been better expressed than by the slave-philosopher, Epictetus:—

We also are His offspring. Every one of us may call himself a son of God. Just as our bodies are linked to the material universe, subject while we live to the same forces, resolved when we die into the same elements, so by virtue of reason our souls are linked and continuous with Him, being in reality parts and offshoots of Him. . . . If we realise this kinship no mean or unworthy thought of ourselves can enter our souls. The sense of it forms a rule and standard for our lives. He has given us freedom of will; there is no power in heaven or earth that can bar our freedom. . . . We are God's athletes to whom He has given an opportunity to show of what stuff we are made.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Buried Treasures and Divining Rods.

SIR,—During my long sojourn in Mexico I devoted considerable time and money to collecting and investigating some of the many stories of buried treasure that abound there.

It is a popular belief, at any rate in Mexico, that sensitives are able to locate buried treasures, and they are frequently consulted to that end. My experience, however, is that while they are all most obliging in providing the anxious inquirer with information, sometimes with a great amount of detail, the somewhat essential element of truth is conspicuous by its absence.

Instructions are frequently given for certain work to be carried out, and when that work has been done fresh instructions are given, this operation being repeated again and again, until the money runs out or it is realised that a hoax has been played, and the quest is given up. My own experience, coupled with that of many others whom I have met, indicates that no work should be undertaken in the way of prosecuting a search for treasure on the instructions furnished through a sensitive, when these have been solicited and are unsupported by other evidence. It would seem, however, that sensitives are occasionally met with who are strangely affected by masses of certain metals in close proximity to them, and can indicate their location; that others again may receive a spontaneous communication from someone on the other side regarding a treasure buried in a certain place, generally near at hand; and other individuals again may possess the power occasionally to project their astral body at will and obtain information regarding the interior of the earth in a certain prescribed locality. More credence may certainly be given to information obtained in this manner, but hardly enough to warrant the expenditure of large sums of money if entirely unsupported.

While approximate information regarding the place where a treasure is supposed to be buried is relatively easy to obtain (I have data regarding some hundred and fifty places myself in Mexico and elsewhere), the precise spot is not easily determined except by more or less costly excavations, which have to be undertaken somewhat in the dark as to results. Information on this subject from the other side is, from the nature of it, generally unreliable, and, as I had made the search my hobby in leisure moments, I determined to see what the world of science was producing in the way of apparatus which could be used or adapted for the purpose of indicating the presence of masses of metal underground.

I investigated the descriptions of various forms of divining rods and examined carefully the claims of their makers, but I did not come across any that appealed to me. The "ohmmeter" might give results under certain conditions, but at best is slow and tedious to operate in the open and unsuitable for restricted areas. The "baguette," pendulum and condenser described by M. Jansé cannot, like the ohmmeter, be used by anyone, but apparently require that the user emit certain fluids or emanations, the exact nature of which is not, I believe, known to science at present. The system on which this method depends, if reduced to a scientific basis and the personal element eliminated, might produce good results.

Some few years ago there was an apparatus advertised (from Manchester, I believe), for the finding of water, oil and mineral ledges, and about the same time a similar—or, as I believe, the same—apparatus made in Germany claimed to do the same things. At that time the German apparatus was not offered for sale, but the owners were willing for a valuable consideration to send an expert to make any examination required. The British agents asked a high price for the apparatus, and,

although it was supposed to be protected by patent, they refused all information regarding its method of operating, practically telling me that if I wanted it badly enough I must be willing to take it on trust. I did not buy it.

I have heard that there was a very good apparatus made in Germany just before the war, and another, the "clairroscope," used with good effect in Canada for locating mineral veins, and I would much appreciate any information your readers can give me regarding these or any other practical instrument that may be used for detecting mineral veins.

Meanwhile, not finding on the market such an apparatus as I required, I set about trying to devise one. I am desirous of having a working model of this instrument made, and for this purpose shall be glad to get into touch with some practical, reliable "wireless" mechanic.

In addition to mineral treasures in Mexico, I have information concerning others in various parts of the world, and I shall be glad to correspond with or meet those who are, or might become, interested in this subject.—Yours, &c.,

The Maples, Hoddesdon, Herts. T. ALFRED KENNION.

Was it a War Prophecy?

SIR,—I have just been re-reading Mr. J. Arthur Hill's little book on "Spiritualism," published by Messrs. Jack in September, 1913. On pages 44-45, after citing an instance of a mistaken prediction concerning Mexico, made through an American medium, he remarks that he has received through another American automatist a somewhat alarming tale. The medium's controls informed him that there was going to be some sort of geological upheaval and subsidence on a gigantic scale in Western Europe, and the British Isles were to sink bodily below the level of the sea. "The date of this event is fixed," he says, "for July, 1914, or thereabouts, and we are warned to flee while there is yet time."

Mr. Hill naturally treats the prediction with amused incredulity, but it is certainly rather curious that the date given should coincide exactly with the commencement of a gigantic upheaval in Western Europe, though not a geological one; I refer, of course, to the present devastating war.—Yours, &c.,

9, Anson-road, Tufnell Park, N. 7. GEO. F. WINTER.

THE PETERS TESTIMONIAL FUND.

Mr. H. Withall is happy to acknowledge the following additional subscriptions towards the proposed testimonial to Mr. Alfred Vout Peters:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Susanna Harris	5	0	0
J.	0	4	0
Miss H. A. Dallas	0	5	0

FORTUNE TELLING.—At Liverpool yesterday [27th ult.] a married woman named Martha McClure was sent to prison for a month in the second division for pretending to tell fortunes. Defendant described herself as a clairvoyant and leader of the Christian Spiritualist Church. Two city members of the Police Aid Detachment visited the church, where the congregation was composed mostly of women. Questions were sent up written on paper, and accused replied to them, foretelling the future. She stated that she received messages from spirit friends.—"Daily Telegraph."

THE CONCORDANCE AT FAULT.—The "Sunday Chronicle" of the 19th ult. devotes over half a column to a special correspondent's interview with Mr. John W. Armstrong, a well-to-do woollen manufacturer of Bingley, Yorks, who early last spring was pronounced by the doctors to be consumptive, but is now a picture of health. Mr. Armstrong states that he had been a great eater but, acting upon a dream in which "the mysteries of the Bible were interpreted to him," he for ten days abstained entirely from food and drink, and, instead, massaged his body for three hours daily with what he believes to be the "living waters" of the Scriptures. At the end of that time he had gained more than three-and-a-half stones in weight. He affirms that all our ills are due to blood impurities caused by what we eat and drink, and that the right way of nourishing the body is by the absorption of pure salts through the pores of the skin. "Cursed be he who eats with the mouth," says the book. . . . Mr. Armstrong, in short, claims to have had revealed to him the hidden ointment mentioned in Isaiah, which is a complete food and a cure for all ills, and which is the product of man's own body. Strange! Our edition of Cruden's Concordance must be defective; it fails to index either the ointment or the curse. Will Mr. Armstrong or the "Sunday Chronicle's" correspondent reveal to us these hidden passages?

THE LIFE HARMONIOUS.

"Entering on the Path"—the title chosen by Mr. J. Rutherford for the striking address which he delivered on the 19th ult. in the hall of Cambridge Street Society, South Shields—is one that needs some explanation, and he therefore informed his hearers at the outset that he meant by it leading the harmonious and true physiological life. He pointed out that much ill-health was due to neglect of open-air recreation and insufficient diversity of interest and employment. Never varying habits brought a positive hostility to any change. The more we learned to trust the Supreme Power for good, the more were we moved into variety and diversity of life. The man who imagined that he had "seen it all," and that life had nothing new in store for him, was a man who recognised only the husks of things. Life was a science which had no end. There was no stage in existence when we could say "we are finished." He (the speaker) believed that one great source of our present waste of vitality lay in the mood of impatience or mental intemperance. Every movement of a muscle expressed force and thought. There was far more of our energy expended through impatience in the doing of what were called small things than great ones. It was not the acts or work which exhausted, but the mental condition they were continually in that made so many men and women old and haggard at forty. They wasted all their vitality in flurry of mind and body, and so had none left to put into calculation or foresight. If they would stop such leakages they must retire periodically to Nature's solitude. There they would find no solitude at all, but a joyous sense of exhilaration which would enable them to return among men with new and greater power. The slow, measured, reverential movements characterising all religious rites of nearly every creed and race, had for their spiritual purpose the cultivation of repose, and economisation of the Divine energy flowing through man so that it should work the best results for him. True religion did not consist of dogmas. The path they must enter was the path of Truth, and Truth was not simply rejection of untruth and superstition nor was it only the correct recognition of facts; it was the recognition of the laws that live in the facts. Thus it was in reality the operation of the Universal Mind.

A GROSS MISREPRESENTATION.

I much regret to find that certain individuals have given my jest regarding Dr. Mercier and his "alibi" an interpretation which is as discreditable to their hearts as to their heads. The idea is, of course, that the doctor should set detectives to work to trace the whereabouts of Lady Lodge and eight other witnesses and prove that they were not in Mariemont on the night in question. The other interpretation not only involves a plain impossibility, but is suggestive of the rankest blasphemy too shocking for me to specify, and would have occurred to a type of character with which I have nothing in common.

ELLIS G. RO

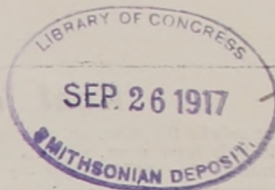
SAFETY.

We have found safety with all things undying
The winds, and morning, tears of men and
The deep night, and birds singing, and clou
And sleep, and freedom, and the autumn
We have built a house that is not for Tim
We have won a peace unshaken by pain
War knows no power. Safe shall be my
Secretly armed against all death's end
Safe though all safety lost; safe where m
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all
—RUI

In the list of speakers engaged by Society for its Sunday evening meetings at note this month a name very familiar to mance—that of Dr. W. J. Vanstone. He is 2nd inst. (next Sunday) on "Scientific An the Unseen," and on the 16th on "Spirit National Spirit." The meetings will comm

An excellent pamphlet to give to the Dallas's "The Bridge of Death," contain of the most telling proofs of the truth of that death, so-called, is but a bridge "light through a brief darkness." It ha at 2d., post free 2½d., by the Spiritualist 30, Glen-terrace, Clover Hill, Halifax, a office.

Light:



A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

No. 1,913.—VOL. XXXVII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1917. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.
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This Alliance has been formed for the purpose of affording information to persons interested in Psychical or Spiritualistic Phenomena, by means of lectures and meetings for inquiry and psychical research.

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Information will be gladly afforded by the Secretary, at the Rooms, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

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Notices of all meetings will appear regularly in "Light."

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Tunbridge Wells.—Enquirer, a soldier now at Tunbridge Wells, would be very pleased to meet Spiritualists in that town.—Reply to Pte. Challinor, c/o LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C. 2.

Ouija Boards and Crystals are not obtainable until after the war, the makers being now on war work. "Spirit Identity" and "Wallis's Guide to Mediumship" are both at present out of print. The few remaining copies of "Spirit Teachings" can be had for 5s. 5d. each, post free, from LIGHT Office, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C. 2.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

To gain a clear and just view of the Spiritualist movement it is necessary to remember that it is two-sided. It proceeds externally by objective evidences, and interiorly by vision, monition and inspiration. We work, as Mrs. Browning put it, "with clay and cloud." On the exterior side there is all the noise and bustle of building, much of hewing and hammering, testing and experimenting. There is plenty of confusion, as at the beginning of every great undertaking, particularly when it involves an excursion into little-known departments of life-activity. Some of the workmen are unskilled, and have to be painfully trained to do their part. Others grow impatient of the slowness and monotony of their tasks. Here and there is a disposition to "scamp" the work. Occasionally it seems like "chaos come again," especially to idle onlookers who "sit on the fence" and give the builders the benefit of their disinterested advice and the encouragement of their cheerful witticisms. Never having built anything in their lives more important than a rabbit hutch or a woodshed, they can hardly be expected to have a very clear appreciation of what is going on. But they quite realise the advantage of being merely onlookers and avoiding the labour and responsibility. When the worst of the difficulties are over, they will doubtless come in and take a hand, and even claim part of the credit, if only by reason of the fact that they gave the achievement (when it was complete) the inestimable advantage of their approval.

* * * * *

So much is being said of telepathy just now that we are tempted to give once more for the benefit of new readers an interesting and well-attested case of telepathic communication. It was related in *LIGHT* of November 2nd, 1912, since which time we have become acquainted by correspondence with the person principally concerned, Mme. de Vaux Royer, one of the founders of the well-known Cameo Club of New York. Mme. de Vaux Royer dreamed that a friend of hers, Dr. Boirac, Rector of the University of Dijon, was in mourning, also that he was about to publish a book. Subsequently she received a letter from Dr. Boirac which contained the information that his aunt had died at about the period of the dream; also that he was on the point of publishing his now well-known book, "La Psychologie Inconnu." Fortunately for the verification of the case, Mme. de Vaux Royer had, before the receipt by her of Dr. Boirac's letter, written to another friend, Dr. Zeligson, of Cleveland, Ohio, narrating the dream which had greatly impressed her, and this gentleman

testified to the facts. Dr. Zeligson, however, was inclined, without prejudice to the telepathic theory, to suggest that the explanation might lie in the fact of a meeting between the two friends in the astral region. But we may let it stand for the benefit of the cautious investigator as an instance of ordinary telepathy without the intervention of spirits whether of the "dead" or the living. Telepathy, as Professor Hyslop once remarked, is a very good "half-way house."

* * * * *

At one of his séances "M.A. (Oxon)" inquired how it was that on the previous evening the conditions had been disturbed. The reply was illuminating:—

"The disturbed condition of your mother reacted very strongly on you. She was suffering mental anguish, and her thoughts were very forcibly directed to you. . . . Some of the spirits of love went to . . . minister consolation."

"Can you so minister to those who know nothing of you?"

"The intimate connection with you enabled us to operate. We are able usually to reach anyone who is in strong sympathy with you. . . . We can help much in consequence of her mind dwelling so constantly on you. We are thankful to be of service to your mother.—September 14th, 1873." (*LIGHT*, September 19th, 1896).

Miss H. A. Dallas, who kindly calls our attention to the above passage, writes:—

This bears upon the curious experience related in *LIGHT* of July 14th under the title "A Vision and a Letter." In that article is a reference to a lady whose unseen friends apparently could not get "near" to help a certain sick man unless she wrote him a letter. The letter may have served to attract the sick man's thought to the writer and thus to make (in some way we cannot as yet understand) a channel through which her unseen ministering spirits could operate on him. Very wonderful are the interactions of thought; when we begin to realise them, we get a clue to the mystery of intercessory prayer; and we know that those who cannot fight the battles of their country can take a very real share in strengthening those in the thick of the fight, by maintaining, when they think of the combatants, "a warrior's mind," cheerful, trustful and merciful.

* * * * *

"Hypnotism Simplified," by Stephen Martin (W. Foulsham & Co., 7d. net), describes in simple language the condition of hypnosis and its relation to the sub-conscious mind. The different stages of the nervous sleep are briefly outlined and the attention of the student is very properly drawn to the fact that, while most persons are susceptible to hypnotic influence, there are comparatively few who exhibit the deeper phases of somnambulism and lucidity. The difference between hypnotism and mesmerism is not made sufficiently clear. To say that suggestibility is a feature common to both does not disprove the teaching of the earlier mesmerists, or satisfactorily account for all the phenomena observed by them. The book is soberly and sensibly written, and the inexperienced operator might do worse than glance through its pages before experimenting with a subject. Practical instructions for inducing the hypnotic state, together with some useful hints on self-hypnosis, will be found in the concluding chapters.

"PERSONATION" IN CONTROLS.

By V. C. DESERTIS.

It is a curious fact that along with messages which contain strong evidence of coming from personal friends who have passed over, there come also—perhaps immediately following—statements which inspire well-founded distrust of their origin.

Sometimes, as in the case reported in *LIGHT* of August 25th and disproved in the present number, these messages have a religious tone and contain solemn affirmations of matters which are very shortly afterwards found to be totally false.

Such things are well known to students of occultism in all its forms, and very great perplexity is often caused by them.

Several hypotheses have been put forward to account for the facts:—

(a) The messages are the work of malevolent spirits; otherwise "elementaries" or "devils."

(b) They are products of the automatist's subconsciousness.

(c) The control is amusing himself with what is called in French "une mystification," and in English "a practical joke," and by schoolboys "greening you up."

(d) The communicating intelligence is in a state analogous to our own when dreaming or hypnotised.

(e) is the Roman Catholic explanation, and has been refuted many times as anything like a complete explanation. Nevertheless, the dispassionate student will not wholly reject it. I know a case in which a man and a woman were advised in the name of a deceased friend, with many plausible "free-love" arguments, to enter on relations which must have caused a quite honest friendship to end in disgrace. Feeling sure that this advice could not emanate from its alleged source, they pretended to be weighing the arguments used.

The writing then apparently dropped disguise, and gave the name of Lola Montez—a well-known courtesan of the second French Empire.

As to (d), there are too many authenticated messages to accept this theory as covering all the facts, though it certainly covers one group. Dr. Lloyd Tuckey (I think) published some time ago a case in which, having noticed the deplorable state of the boots of a very poor lady patient, he sent her anonymously a new pair. The lady subsequently told him of the wonderful way in which her need had been supplied; the communicating "spirit" giving an explanation wide of the truth but obviously in accord with the lady's anticipations.

(e) is supported by much evidence of the "poltergeist" kind. It is not unnatural that those who in earth-life think such jokes the cream of humour, and are amused by our attitude towards "death," should even be unaware of the pain these jests may give to more serious minds.

The last hypothesis is one which merits investigation. There are, of course, many genuine messages to which it is inapplicable; but at the same time it explains a few curious facts, e.g., the statements contained in some messages that the real self is not present or even that it is not aware of the writing.

Many experiences of all kinds of messages lead me to think that while none of these hypotheses are of universal application, any of them may play a part in some "personations." Certain it is that inexperienced operators may be very grossly deceived. I append a genuine message which bears on the point:—

"Do not fear evil spirits." I do not fear them, but they have done us wrong. How can I be sure it is you now present? "More love will prove me present." Why could you not take control? "I endeavoured to reach you but you were not open to me." Why? "C—held me, I cannot say how." Cannot our guide protect us? "Our guide loves us too well to interfere when we can master evil by God's grace." I thought no evil spirit could swear falsely by God's name. "Floods of evil spirits can." Then how can we ever be sure? "By never listening to evil suggestions."

Our actions are seconded and disposed to greater conclusions than we designed. We are escorted on every hand through life by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us.—EMERSON.

"PATIENCE WORTH" AS NOVELIST.

PUBLICATION OF "THE SORRY TALE."

[Those who followed the articles in *LIGHT* of May 12th and 19th and July 14th of the present year, in which we gave the story of "Patience Worth" and her communications through a Ouija Board, will hear with interest that "The Sorry Tale" has now been published. "Current Opinion" (New York) for August announces the fact in a review of the work, from which we make the extracts which follow.]

One of the curiosities of our time, whether considered from a literary or from a religious point of view, is the novel entitled "The Sorry Tale," communicated over a Ouija Board to Mrs. John H. Curran, of St. Louis, by the personality that calls itself "Patience Worth." The book deals with New Testament times, and is of somewhat the same type as "Quo Vadis" and "Ben Hur." It is attracting international attention. William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis "Mirror," calls it the most remarkable piece of literature he has ever read.

It appears that the manifestations of "Patience Worth" originated in the casual manipulation of a Ouija Board as a form of entertainment for a party gathered in the home of Mrs. John H. Curran, wife of the former Commissioner of Immigration of St. Louis. Mrs. Curran had not been inclined to attach importance or significance to the antics of Ouija Boards up to the time when the remarkable communications of "Patience Worth" began. But gradually she was impressed by the fact that something extraordinary was happening. She was carried out of herself by messages that exhibited remarkable literary quality and that expressed a personality as distinct and different from that of Mrs. Curran herself as it would be possible to imagine. She called into counsel Caspar S. Yost, editor of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," and William Marion Reedy; and these two professional writing men watched her as she recorded poems, parables, short stories, plays and novels, in varying Old English dialects, involving the use of unfamiliar words in meanings most recondite.

The writings of "Patience Worth" have been published in part in the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" and "Reedy's Mirror." They appeal to a writer in the New York "Evening Post" as original, charming and vigorous. He speaks, in particular, of a play, "Redwing"; a long dialogue narrative, "Telka," and "The Merry Tale," an uproarious Old English story of a broad humour and vital characterisation which would have done credit to Chaucer. All these may be regarded as a prelude to the *magnum opus*, "The Sorry Tale."

The new story retells the life of Jesus in a form bold and unique, and with much deep wisdom. It is a "fifth Gospel" according to Mr. Reedy, and it is written in a quaint language that is its own and no other's—not a language in imitation of old or middle English, but a language of locutions and turns of phrase and formation of words peculiar to "Patience Worth." It has the local colour of Palestine and Rome. There are one hundred characters in it—real characters expressed in action, not superficially described. The central character is a son of Tiberius Caesar by a Greek slave, a woman of great beauty and of noble blood. He is born in a leper's hovel outside the walls of Bethlehem, on the same night that Christ is born within the walls. In the bitterness of her passion, the mother names him "Hatte" (or Hate), and hate is the emotion that rules him through tragic years to a tragic end. His life runs parallel with that of Jesus—one embodying hate as the other embodies love. He mocks at Jesus, and even spits at Him on the occasion of the miracle of the casting of the nets. As "Patience Worth" narrates the incident:—

He [Jesus] stood even as the boat started off the shallows, and lights gleamed upon His locks, and His mantle of coarse stuffs hung soft unto Him, and His lips moved. And all who listed stood mute before the spell of the music of His voice.

And the boat slipped unto the waters off the shallows, and they watched, and behold He bade that the nets be spread and let fall. And behold, Simon the fisher let down the nets, but his words spake: "Why dost thou bid that we fish in the fished waters? It is vain."

And Jesus made answering: "Dost thou leave thy net down in no faith how may it find aught save thy folly?"

And He caused that Simon bring up the net. And Simon fell upon his face and cried out:—

"I am a wicked man! Behold, before thee have I set my doubt. Aye, and how may a man's doubt become greater than his God, save that he put his doubt before his God?"

And Jesus said, "Thou hast acknowledged thy doubt and fallen down before it. Cast thou the nets!"

And Simon let fall the net unto the waters, and behold, the waters stirred and the boats swayed, even so that it seemed that forms lay beneath the water. And they made to draw forth the nets, and behold, the fish leaped high and the silver showed glistened within the light. And within the boat the men were not enough that they draw forth the nets. And they that watched saw, and men sprang unto the waters and swam to the spot and lended aid that they bring forth the nets. And they marvelled and said, "What is this man?" and they cried, "Master! Master!"

And behold, their voices arose unto a tumult as they brought the nets back unto the shores, and men swam with the boat and held unto the nets that they bring forth the catch. And when they had come unto the shore and the boat lay within the shallows, Jesus called forth unto all of them and delivered the fish unto them. And they cried:—

"This is wondrous! What is it?"

And Jesus made answer: "This is naught. For the netting of fish is little unto the bringing forth of men."

And Simon fell upon his face and spake unto Him of his wickedness. And Jesus said:—

"Arise and put thy nets by; for thou shalt weave a net of thy love and bring forth men."

And they spake: "It shall be; for this man hath looked unto lands and even though his nets slipped the waters his dreaming was not there."

And they spake unto Him more, saying: "It hath come that thou hast lain low fever and hath cleansed and healed. What is that that is thing that is no man's?"

And He answered: "The time is not come that thou shalt know, but it is true that no man will hark save that a loud noise setteth up. Thou mayest not know, but within thy land the eyes shall ope and the ears hark, unto the eye's undoing and the confounding of the years."

And behold, afar there sat Hatte.

And he arose and spat. And behold, Jesus stepped Him back that the spat fell not upon Him, and lo, where it fell He bended Him down and plucked up a white bloom. And He held it forth unto Hatte and spake:—

"Look! even a man's hate may bloom. This is the folly of all men. And they shall yet know that they may not offend against the God; for their folly shall undo them. A man's hate mounteth up unto the pinnacle of heights, but to meet God. Man's path is upon a wheel. Even so is God upon the wheel and he shall come upon Him; for behold, the wheel is Him. Ye make much of wisdom, yet I say me that men are but babes that the tides shall wash unto naughts."

And Hatte stood him listing, and his lips curled. And behold, Jesus put within his hand the bloom. And they that had seen this marvelled and spake: "This man doeth things that setteth man's wonder running upon legs!"

By the outworking of motives and events, the child of hate is one of the two men who hang beside the Saviour on Calvary:—

And it was true that they made ready that they should crucify the transgressor, and the spirit of evil mounted the rabble. And it was true that Rome unloosed skins of wines among them. And at the high hour, behold, the streets cried out like wild things. Men ran thither and yon, laughing or shrieking, bearing stones and sticks of broken woods. And Rome sat, fatted, comfortable, and smiling.

And behold, the pits were oped, and they delivered unto the hands of the war's men, and they whom Rome had set mad, Jesus Christus and the son of Tiberius! And it was true that Rome had shut up her doors and left be that that would. And the sun was o'erclouded and shone but to hide. And the blade's men bore forth Jesus Christus, whom they had stripped naked, and He shrunk beneath their eyes and cast His eyes down. And lo, they laid hands upon Hatte and stripped him, and the women that looked upon this withdrew and hid.

And they cried out: "Who art thou, thou thief of the temples? Who art thou?"

And Hatte stood like unto one who wandered upon some far height. And they cried aloud: "Behold the son of Tiberius! Behold him!"

And they laughed and cast stones and bits of stone wares and rotted fruits and filths of the street's ways. And Hatte stood, empty. And Jesus Christus spake not. And they derided Him, crying out: "Behold the King of the Jews! He

is the son of who! He is a false prophet! Stone Him! Stone Him!"

And they lay hands upon them and beat them on the path's-way, even as wastes upon waters. And their flesh was torn and the hairs of their heads torn out, and lo, blood showed upon their faces and their naked flesh. And the chill of the after-storm was upon Jerusalem, and they shook in cold quaking. And they that taunted them brought forth waters and cast o'er them; even did they bring forth heated brands and put unto their flesh.

And lo, among them stepped the Son of God, silent. They knew Him not. And Hatte held his head high and stepped regal, even though his withered leg gave way and was dragged at his stepping, for the weighting down of them that beset him was o'ermuch.

And they wearied of their taunts, for no manner of outcry came there for to feed their madness. And they cried out: "Crucify them! Spread them ope! Show unto all men that enter the city, the Son of God and the son of Tiberius! Ha, ha, ha! Down the flesh of Rome beneath all men! Crush the blood of Tiberius beneath the heels of men where he hath crushed the flesh of our tribes!"

And it was true that the Jews were mad, and, mingled with the Romans within one cup, had they fallen. And when the cry had gone up, "Crucify them!" behold, Hatte looked unto Jesus Christus, whose body was sagged of weakness, and with his own arms did he cast off them that clung and tear him through flesh unto His side and lift Him up. And his lips spake:—

"Seest thou? It is the end of the paths. Thine of love and mine of hate lead thee unto a common thing."

The plot, as William Marion Reedy follows it, is worked out with the precision of a Sardou, and its culmination is not discovered until the very end.

"Jews, Romans, Greeks, Arabians, move in the story—each one to a definite purpose. The miracles of the four Gospels are retold for the reader with a new turn or twist that gives *vraisemblance* if not verity, and there are new and striking miracles that do not mar the harmony of the history as we know it. The conversations of Christ are beautiful in form and orthodox in spirit even where and when they depart farthest from the recorded words of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The scene in the garden of Gethsemane is an exquisite piece of writing, while the version of the trial and the crucifixion of Jesus is of a marvellous meticulousness of strange detail. The very last scene on the last page of the book is a piece of anguishing irony, as I read it—the wise man of the East, the clever fakir, Ahmed Hassan, a comic-shrewd picaresque character, and Aaron, the idiot son of the faithful Peter, ward of the faithful servitor Panda, disappear over the hills as the women weep at the foot of the cross, the idiot boy laughing as he goes. The book is full of the writing that biblical scholars call wisdom. It is beautiful and deep when one has mastered the difficulties of its form. The descriptions of life among shepherds, fishermen, barterers, life in hovel and hill-cave and in Herod's and Tiberius' palaces are vivid as they are in such a book as 'Quo Vadis' or 'Ben Hur' or Croly's 'Salathiel' or the unfortunately forgotten Ingraham's 'Prince of the House of David,' with which, naturally, this story is compared by anyone familiar with the fictional treatment of the supreme tragedy of human history. 'A Sorry Tale' is original in every aspect in which it can be considered and it appeals to all the emotions with the sureness of literary artistry. It contains but one thing that might be historically or topographically anachronistic: it says that Bethlehem is a walled town, for which apparently there is no recorded verification. It is correct in its detailed *mores* of the Jews and even in the matter of costumes and minor domestic manners. And its demonstration is not inconsistent with the pure teachings of the Saviour. It has every characteristic of a contemporaneous document—or creates the illusion of such quality. And all this comes into being by way of a woman whose learning is exceedingly limited and her experiences as well, who has had no discoverable familiarity with the places and times and people described so faithfully, and has never shown any literary ability aside from her participation as controlled amanuensis for the personality that communicates through her presidency of the Ouija Board—"Patience Worth."

FRENCH PSYCHIC LITERATURE. — M. Jules Thiebaud, Receveur des Domaines en Retraite, of Montot par Andelot, Hte. Marne, France, has published a book, entitled "L'Ami Disparu," a theoretical and practical contribution to the proof of spirit identity. It is a statement of the various scientifically attested phenomena on which the knowledge of human survival is based.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1917.

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. 2. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—LIGHT may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. 4, and LIGHT can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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POINTS OF VIEW.

SOME THOUGHTS ON PROPAGANDA.

In the course of conversation lately with the editor of a London journal—a man whose name is well known to the public—we learned with interest the opinions he had formed on the subject to which LIGHT is devoted. He told us, in effect, that he was willing to admit that there was a reality in Spiritualism, but that he had not the time, even if he had the inclination, to pursue the subject. (That, indeed, as we have gathered from many similar conversations "behind the scenes," is the attitude of several of the craft.) But the point of our friend's remarks lay in one of his concluding observations: "If there is really a life after death, it will be time enough to deal with it when we are in it. It will come to us whether we believe in it now or not."

Now these observations would form a text for a good many homilies taking an entirely different view of that editor's duty and responsibility, but we are not minded to deliver even one of them. That which is the duty of one man is not necessarily the duty of another, and ideas of the importance of any particular subject vary with every individual. To us the questions with which Spiritualism is concerned are amongst the greatest that can occupy the human mind. And yet for many men and women it may be at present a more important matter to pursue their own immediate occupations and interests than to follow a subject which, however momentous it really is, has for them no attraction, and is, moreover, in many cases, a matter which they feel they are, in any case, too busy to take up. We find that position quite intelligible, and would not attempt in the slightest degree to challenge the freedom of any person to follow his own inclinations on the point. It may be foolish of him; he may regret it hereafter. On the other hand, he may not. For our conviction grows that it is a man's duty to follow his own path and not that of someone else. It is a question of vocation. One man finds his true calling in matters that may appear to the outsider purely mundane, although to the discerning eye there is nothing human which can answer to that description; the Spirit works in all. Another feels a compelling call to explore untrodden ways and lead the way to new worlds. It is emphatically a matter of "Mind your own business." If this wholesome rule were observed there would be little discord. It is between the bigoted obstructionists on the one hand and the indiscriminate propagandists on the other that most of the troubles arise. We are prepared to defend the truths we hold against attack—if they need defending; on the other hand,

we have not the slightest inclination to force them on the attention of the unwilling or indifferent, especially when we recognise that this same unwillingness or indifference may have a good rather than an evil significance. It may simply mean that the man is not ripe for any new revelation; the time has not come for any growth of mind or change of view. If he really needs any such knowledge as we can afford he will come our way and we shall be ready to meet him when he comes. To molest him; to challenge his views and thrust forward our own may only result in converting an indifferent onlooker into an active enemy, and driving him further than ever from the truth which we hold to be of such importance. So much we have gathered from a fairly extensive acquaintance with propagandist methods of the old type. It is not that we are anti-propagandist or even positively non-propagandist. We believe in disseminating such truth as we have gathered, but only amongst those who are really in need of it, a fact which we may be sure they will signify in the usual manner. In a word, we are for co-operation rather than for any form of compulsion or competition. We are utterly opposed to proselytising methods. There is a peculiar arrogance about them which should be foreign to those who take large views of life. We doubt if there is a single sect or school of thought which does not supply to some at least of its followers that which is best suited to them at some particular stage of growth.

Spiritualism is in the world not so much as a new discovery or revelation as a confirmation and enlargement of old discoveries and old revelations. It is here to attest their essential reality, to confirm them scientifically and philosophically for the benefit of those for whom the old warrants are no longer sufficient. For those who do not need, or who think they do not need, any such confirmation, we have no word to say. We feel no temptation to argue the point with them. We only ask that so long as we do not attempt to dictate their course of faith and conduct they will render us the same courtesy. If Spiritualism were simply a new sect these remarks would not apply. But it is not, in spite of some appearances to the contrary. It has come not to found any new religion, but to fulfil and verify the old.

MESSAGE RECEIVED BY PLANCHETTE.

The "message" published under this heading in the issue of LIGHT of August 25th has proved untrue.

A letter has been received from A. J. Hyde dated August 17th, giving the good news that he was safe and well on that date.

In view of the many "messages" now being received by planchette and similar methods, it is perhaps just as well that recipients should be warned that deceptions such as this, fortified by every appearance of genuineness, can be received by perfectly honest and conscientious persons like Miss Hyde.

I regret the publicity from one point of view, but it has at least this good—that it emphasises my own strong conviction that investigations into the mysterious forces which operate in this way should be left to those who can study them from a purely scientific standpoint.

The message shown me by Miss Hyde was supported during the following days by longer and apparently authentic communications of a strongly religious tone. These facts illustrate very clearly, to my mind, the dangers to which I have referred. The lady in question is not given to anticipations of any kind, she assures me that she had not been thinking specially of her brother in France, and that the "message" came quite unsought. It was not till further details above mentioned and solemn asseverations were received, that her first and healthy scepticism began to give way.

S. DE BRATH.

A QUESTION CONCERNING THE ETHER.

By H. A. DALLAS.

The June issue of the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research is of particular interest throughout. The first article deals with "Raymond," and is entitled "The Nature of Life after Death." It is an interesting discussion of the subject. I will only quote one sentence on which I desire to base a question. After alluding to the *immediate* period after death as possibly a "dream" state (as one of the remarks purporting to come from Raymond implies), "they just think they're dreaming, and they don't realise things at all times," Dr. Hyslop adds:—

Recently one of the controls in the Chenoweth case spontaneously remarked that I had a "theory that the other life was a mental world," and went on to say that consciousness there was creative. . . . While we may well conceive the other life as a mental world . . . it may be more. . . . No doubt there are complications. These may be connected with an objective existence as well as a subjective one on the other side. But that is probably less communicable than the memories of the earthly life, or the inner states of mind.

He then goes on to discuss the possibility that the mind acts creatively on its environment.

Desire and will can create things in the material world, but only indirectly and by a very laborious procedure. . . . It is conceivable that desire and will might act more directly on the ether, if such there be, to create any ideal object to which we wish to give expression. But we have no evidence of such a thing. . . . It is not defended here as possible, but merely stated as a view held by some persons.

The question I wish to ask I address through the columns of *LIGHT* to scientific men. I shall be grateful if one of your scientific readers will vouchsafe to reply.

I have for some time had a surmise concerning the environment of those who have passed out of *atomically* constituted matter, and I want to know whether this surmise is reasonable, whether it is compatible with the facts known to students concerning the ether.

Obviously if there is any analogy between this state and the next, those who pass out of the body must have an objective environment. If they do not live in an objective environment, then it is probable that we do not do so either—that all our experience is really subjective and mental. Personally I do not believe that it is so. Of course our interpretation of the vibrations which reach us is a mental interpretation, but the vibrations appear to be external to our mind, emanating from an infinite variety of centres of force.

The ether rotating at a rate which conveys to us the impression of solidity constitutes our *physical* environment.

We thus recognise two conditions of the ether, the "solid" condition and the free (unsolidified condition). But it has been suggested by Fresnel that some of the "free" ether is "entangled, as it were, in the atoms of matter, and is, so to speak, bound up with them." ("Psychic Philosophy," by V. C. Desertis, p. 153.)

This bound ether would, if this suggestion is correct, move with the solid matter of our earth; it is "somehow in a different state to that outside. It must certainly be less rigid than free ether or more dense" (*ibid.*, p. 152).

The question I want to put is this: Is it a rational hypothesis that this "bound" ether constitutes the environment of those who have passed out of the solidified ether, *i.e.*, out of material embodiment?

If so, does it not seem *probable* that their bodies are constituted of this, and since this bound ether is entangled in matter is it not probable that the effect it produces upon them would be quasi-physical? Numerous communications from the "other side" intimate that for a time after death those who pass out are connected with matter by some sort of nexus which eventually disappears; perhaps this merely means that they pass out of the environment of entangled ether and therefore into a freer state, and a less material condition. These communications indicate that the physical phenomena produced by the discarnate are produced by means of this

nexus, which I venture to suggest is constituted of the "entangled" ether.

I would also ask whether it is consonant with science to suppose that those who may be living in this quasi-material, "bound" ether environment may be actually receiving vibrations through this medium from *identically the same* centres of force as those which are vibrating to us? The flowers, for instance, which are sending forth vibrations to us through what we call matter (*i.e.* through "solid" ether) may be sending vibrations to discarnate beings through entangled ether; and in that case our material objects may look like shadows, like dim adumbrations round the realities they see.

It seems to me that if this hypothesis is permissible it gives us a co-ordinating theory and a clue to the meaning of some of the statements made concerning the other life.

Whilst we recognise that Mind is the dominant factor, that the mental interpretation of experience is by far the most important activity in the Universe, we yet instinctively recognise (or we think we do) that there must be some objective external environment to interpret—that, if there is not such, our intellectual intuitions are strangely misleading.

We intuitively recognise "I am." This is a subjective experience which is direct and convincing, but only second to it in cogency comes the recognition of Otherness, and in this recognition we find our environment.

DR. CRAWFORD'S EXPERIMENTS.

A NEW TEST SUGGESTED.

The following letter from Mr. H. Yardley suggesting a new experiment, and Dr. Crawford's reply to it, will be of great interest to many of our readers:—

To the Editor of *LIGHT*.

SIR,—Dr. Crawford's last published experiments are very wonderful but not quite conclusive. Can the psychic matter which, when removed from the medium's body, caused her to lose 54lb. in weight, be placed by the spirit operators on an additional balance to be weighed thereon? Such an experiment would, I think, carry the matter a step further. Again, was the psychic matter which is used in levitating the table really placed on the board of the weighing machine (at Dr. Crawford's request), or was it merely restored to the medium's body?

Mr. Tweedale's remark about clairvoyants having *seen* the spirit operators lift the table is to me a new item. I do not remember Dr. Crawford mentioning it.—Yours, &c.,

H. YARDLEY.

Herne Hill.

DR. CRAWFORD'S REPLY.

The statements in the article referred to were an exact recital of facts. I inferred that the reduction in weight of the medium was most likely due to the projection of matter in some form or other from her body, but I did not claim that these experiments *per se* were conclusive of that. I have, however, many other unpublished results which all tend to the same end—*viz.*, that the psychic rods, levers, &c., are in reality packed with matter, but matter at present in a form unknown to science. I will try the experiment referred to at the first favourable opportunity.

I think I am in a position to say that the psychic rod theory (as partially developed in my book) is now established. Every result I have points straight to it. What is not yet established is the composition of the rod. But I am reasonably sure that the rod contains three elements (and it may contain more) of which matter from the medium's body is one.

Any idea of spirit operators bodily lifting the table at this circle may be safely disregarded. The facts do not fit in with any such theory. I make it a rule, while not discouraging clairvoyance, to pay little attention to it unless it agrees in the main with the cold-blooded and unimaginative results of experiment.

We are asked by a lady residing at St. Albans whether there are any private mediums or any Spiritualists, or persons who take a sympathetic interest in Spiritualism, in that town, with whom she could be put into communication. Perhaps some reader or readers of *LIGHT* can answer the query.

MRS. PIPER'S "CONFESSION."

BY LILLIAN WHITING.

Since Mr. Edward Clodd simply *knows* there is no such thing as communication between the two realms of the Seen and the Unseen, it does not seem worth while to discuss a finality. If the Astronomer Royal were to be told by someone unfamiliar with astro-physics that the stars never moved, or that there were no such planets as Mars and Jupiter, I daresay he would not concern himself particularly, and would permit his informant to enjoy his own convictions. But in regard to the alleged "confession" of Mrs. Piper, Mr. Clodd is the victim of an error, although an error that is not only natural, but, indeed, inevitable, and from no fault of his own, if, as appears, the correction of this mistake has never reached him.

But now here are the absolute facts of the case.

In the summer of (I think) 1902 Mrs. Piper was the guest of Mrs. Josephine Spenser, of Boston, in Mrs. Spenser's country house at Framingham, an hour's journey from town. A woman reporter in New York City (whose name I could give, but it is courtesy to her not to do so) went to the "New York Herald" and asked if they would syndicate an article about Mrs. Piper if she could procure it. They promised to do so. The reporter went to Framingham, and for nearly three weeks Mrs. Piper refused to see her. Finally (and unfortunately) she gave way. The result was this interview, which was one tissue of misrepresentation, not to employ a harsher term. A part of the interview was taken directly out of the Reports of the Society for Psychical Research, and somewhat garbled. The parts in which Mrs. Piper was made to speak independently were absolutely manufactured and printed without Mrs. Piper's knowledge. For instance, Mrs. Piper was made in this document to say that she had entirely "broken" with the Society for Psychical Research, and would never sit for them again. This interview appeared on a Sunday, and at 10 a.m. the next day (Monday), Mrs. Piper was giving Dr. Hodgson his usual *séance*! In the statement imputed to Mrs. Piper as to her relations with the society, there was *not one word* of truth. In some of the paragraphs of the "interview" there was an ingenious mixture of truth and falsehood, but in this particular statement there was not one iota of truth. Mrs. Piper never made, nor dreamed of making, such a statement.

A day or two after this "interview" was published, I sat down by Mrs. Piper with a copy of it and a blue pencil in my hand, that she might (according to her own wish and her own proposal) designate what she did, and did not, say.

She made no statement that she believed that the communications which came through her hand or her voice "were not from spirits"! On the contrary, she stated that she believed they were.

She made no statement that she had "broken" with the Society for Psychical Research! On the contrary, as I have said, the day after this amazing concoction appeared in a syndicate of papers, Mrs. Piper was "sitting" as usual, with a calmness which emulated that of the immortal Charlotte, who, when she saw the body of her adorer—

"Borne before her, on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted lady
Went on cutting bread and butter!"

This false "confession" has been corrected so often and so widely that it is surprising to see it again asserted, but the corrections have evidently failed to come before the eye of Mr. Clodd.

It has been my happy fortune to have had such pleasant literary associations with Mr. Clodd—having greatly enjoyed many things that he has written—that I shall still venture to hope that he may yet find reason to modify his present convictions regarding this matter of communication with the Unseen.

The Brunswick,
Boston, August 15th, 1917.

WHERE the weed cannot grow neither can the flower.

"THE EXPECTED WORLD-TEACHER."

BY E. WAKE COOK.

As a belated comment on the interesting article by Mr. R. H. Greaves in LIGHT of August 18th (page 264), I should like to say that my expectations are greater than his. I expect quite a number of inspired teachers in the immediate future, religious, scientific, philosophical and poetic. If any one of these teachers is endowed with a dominating authority then we shall be saved the trouble of reasoning and research, and be kept on the level of school children, and another sect will be started. But if they come with only the "authority" of truth and earnest conviction, they will give us larger, broader, deeper and higher views of existence and its purpose; then they will be at the mercy of their hearers, and if very advanced will have to wait generations ere they are fully understood and accepted.

We see in teachings and in systems just what we are big enough to see, and no more. Everything depends on our receptivity, the stage of unfoldment we have reached; so the pressing need is not so much for new truth which always stands knocking at the door of our consciousness as for the open mind, the seeing eye, both the inner and the outer, and the hearing ear.

I still think the Great Teacher has come, thunder-clad, with awful retribution on our stupidity, in this soul-shaking war. What else could have disposed of ruthless tyranny as in the case of Russia? What else could teach our impatient idealists who want to establish millennial institutions at once, before they have laid the foundations in conditions and in character, as the awful chaos threatening Russia owing to their blind impatience? In a thousand ways this war is teaching and helping us forward as no personal teachers could have done. Our sublime Spiritualism is helped and is helping, and, until the world has assimilated the flood of new teaching it has brought, humanity will not be prepared for the expected World-Teacher; and should he come the world will morally crucify or insult him. Even those in an advanced stage of unfoldment who receive new teaching with joyous understanding, are already overwhelmed by the flood of scientific and other teaching which they cannot keep abreast of. We search afar for what is under our nose!

THE FORCE BEHIND EVOLUTION.

"Creative Evolution" is the title given by M. Bergson to his most famous work; but such a title seems to us to be either entirely misleading or absurd. We have always taken the term evolution as simply designating a process, not a ground or cause. Evolution itself creates nothing, can create nothing. . . . It is the vital principle and not evolution that is creative. It is to the nature of this principle we must look for our interpretation of the fact of evolution. And as we trace life's ascent to its highest development in man, its invincible élan is discerned more and more clearly to have throughout profound transcendental or metaphysical implications; and in the highest religious consciousness, particularly in what is known as mysticism, we see it unfold into an experience which casts an interpretative light over the whole evolutionary process. Therefore such expressions as "the élan vital," "an immense impulse," "a spiritual force" and the like, turn out, when their profoundest significance is sounded, to be, after all, only new phrases which really introduce into the exposition, though under disguise, that Absolute Perfection which in the long run science and philosophy find they have to admit to be implicit and active everywhere, as the one and only real ground and goal of life's whole evolution.

"Religion and Reality," by J. H. TUCKWILL.

BODY is merely part of the mind's experience—a necessary part in the present plane, an engine or vehicle of its manifestation; but a part that can be dropped like a suit of old clothes when the time comes for us to go "up higher."—Psychical Investigations," by J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE MESSAGE OF "PRIVATE DOWDING."

BY W. H. EVANS.

Amidst the rush and turmoil of these days there are many who are receiving impressions, messages, and inspirations from those who have crossed the silver streak of death. There is a profound significance in these many experiences. They indicate a rise in the tide of human consciousness, a wider and growing ability to sense spiritual influences. That such an increase in spiritual sensitiveness should occur during these distressful days is perhaps natural. The attention of the world has been forcibly directed to questions of life after death, and it is clear to those who have studied these matters that the directing of attention toward psychic and spiritual matters often results in a spontaneous flowering of psychic and spiritual faculties. And in the many messages which have come through there is a most encouraging unanimity respecting the simple nature of the change called "death." In the book *before me, in which messages from a departed soldier have been recorded by W. T. P., the communicator is quite emphatic on the point: "Physical death is nothing. There really is no cause to fear."

This is a great little book. It contains so much that is suggestive, so many lofty thoughts, such a splendid idealism, that I can cordially recommend it. The messages contain nothing of an evidential nature, and in that respect will be disappointing to the purely scientific psychical researcher. But there is a ring of earnestness about them which carries conviction. There is a strong suggestion that someone from the other side is really endeavouring to convey to the world truths of which we need to be reminded.

Undoubtedly there exist many difficulties in the way of conveying clear, definite information respecting the other life. "We can only convey our experiences *approximately*," says Private Dowding. But he can be clear enough about his passing on; and his description of this is so explicit that I give it in his own words:—

This is what happened. I have a perfectly clear memory of the whole incident. I was waiting at the corner of a traverse to go on guard. It was a fine evening. I had no special intimation of danger until I heard the whizz of a shell. Then followed an explosion somewhere behind me. I crouched down involuntarily, but was too late. Something struck hard, hard, against my neck. Shall I ever lose the memory of that hardness? It is the only unpleasant incident I can remember. I fell, and as I did so, without passing through any apparent interval of unconsciousness, I found myself outside myself. You see, I am telling my story simply; you will find it easier to understand. You will learn to know what a small incident this dying is.

Could anything be better calculated to take the fear of death out of our lives than that plain, straightforward statement? The curious thing was that he felt no shock, simply because he did not realise that he had passed over. The shock came when he became aware that he was what we call "dead." To one who did not believe in a future life, and who had a dread that death meant extinction, it came as a surprise to find that he had passed the borderland. Slowly he began to realise the nature of the change, and it became more and more evident to him that what we consider are the things that matter, do not matter very much after all. The keynote of his messages is fine altruism. Life, he proclaims, can only be enriched by service. As he says, "It is dangerous to live to and for oneself." He constantly urges these ideas. Thus, "One great truth has become my constant companion. I sum it up thus: Empty yourself if you would be filled." "Gain control of self. Then retain control by emptying yourself of self." "If you would dwell in peace, learn to love deeply."

The difficulties of conveying his experiences in understandable language are clearly apparent. And many of them can only be understood in an interior sense. Even here we feel many truths which we find it impossible to put into words.

How much more difficult must it be for one living in a higher state of existence to convey to those living in a lower state his experiences! He alludes to halls of silence, reservoirs of illumination, and also, in describing his visit to a lower sphere, he mentions that, although he seemed to be travelling, he was told that he was not moving in a physical sense, "his progress depending on certain thought processes evoked by the will."

"Hell," he says, "is a thought region. Evil dwells there and works out its purposes. The forces used to hold mankind down in the darkness of ignorance are generated in hell! It is not a place; it is a condition. The human race has created the condition. It has taken millions of years to reach its present state."

By and by, we are told, this power will be transmuted. It is not eternal, and is created by man.

I have only space left for a reference to the latter part of the book, in which another spirit visitant, who is called "the Messenger," conveys some prophecies of the future. They are, however, in keeping with all that the wisest souls of the race have dreamed. Ultimately we believe many of them will be fulfilled. But, somehow, this part reads more like the aspirations of the recorder than a message from "the Beyond." One does not wish to throw doubt upon it, but there is a subtle difference in the messages, or rather in the manner of them, which suggests that if they are really messages they are at least coloured by the mind of the recorder. But the whole volume is an inspiring one, and I can gratefully testify to the interest and pleasure it has afforded one reader.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1887.)

RUSSIAN OPINION ON THE ECLIPSE.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Times" is very funny in his description of Russian opinion as to the eclipse. After all it is probably not very much behind average English ideas among our peasantry. Not so very long ago the country people round a well-known Midland town not a hundred miles from London thronged the banks of the local river, which was to boil on a particular day as a consequence of an eclipse or something of the sort. When the stream showed no sign of unusual disturbance, the poor people grumbled as they would have done at the failure of a show for admission to which they had paid. "Why did not those who were so clever as to predicting the eclipse also foretell the state of the weather?" There is a deal of human nature in the world; and this particular criticism is not confined to the ignorant and uneducated. We meet it in the reports of educated scientific commissions and critics of psychical phenomena. And it is not, after all, more rational than the action of the Lincolnshire farmer to whom a friend had given a barometer. Its appearance in the farmhouse happened to synchronise with a spell of very wet weather. The farmer had got some vague idea of the connection between the barometer and the weather and he drew a rash and unwarrantable conclusion. Taking his barometer out into the field he showed it the rain, stamped on and broke it up, with the reflection, "Make rain, will 'ee? I'll teach 'ee to make rain." We are not in a position to throw stones at St. Petersburg.

PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHTS.—Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., speaking at Manchester, said: "Pursuing another line of inquiry on this subject, Crookes had added a remarkable contribution to the question of the possibility of decomposing the elements. With his well-known experimental prowess, he has discovered a new and beautiful series of phenomena, and has shown that the phosphorescent lights emitted by certain chemical compounds, especially the rare earths, under an electric discharge in a high vacuum exhibit peculiar and characteristic lines. For the purpose of obtaining his material Crookes started from a substance believed by chemists to be homogeneous, such, for example, as the rare earth yttria, and succeeded by a long series of fractional precipitations in obtaining products which yield different phosphorescent spectra, although when tested by the ordinary methods of what we may term high temperature spectroscopy, they appear to be the one touchstone employed at the starting point."

"Private Dowding," with notes by W. T. P. (J. M. Watkins, 21, Gell-court, 2s. 6d. net.)

A PRACTICAL DESIGN FOR A LABORATORY SEANCE-ROOM.

BY THE REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE (VICAR OF WESTON, YORKS.).

Following my former communication regarding an electrical installation and dry atmosphere for a séance-room I beg to offer the following scheme for a practical laboratory séance-room, which I suggest be fitted up in some dry situation in or near London. The idea is to provide conditions, electrical and atmospheric, similar to those obtaining in the United States or the Sinaitic desert.

Room sixteen feet square, preferably an interior room, on the second floor, with no outer walls, if possible, so as to be free from dampness. The walls, ceiling and floor to be covered with some good insulating material. A false floor to be fitted, supported on glass insulators, and not touching the sides of the room, so that all the persons in the room will be electrically insulated, as on an insulating stool. The electrical plant to consist of a powerful static electrical machine, having plates three feet in diameter, the positive or negative conductors being capable of being connected with the insulated floor, which had better be free from carpet. This static machine to be worked, as required, by a small motor run from the electric light supply. A powerful high frequency apparatus may also be supplied for alternative use.

The electrical conditions produced by the static machine would have a powerfully bracing effect, both on the sitters and the medium, and would tend to lessen the fatigue sometimes consequent on a sitting under ordinary conditions.

The room to be warmed by hot water pipes capable of regulation by a valve, and to be kept free from dust and closed during the time it is not in use, and to have suitable trays of calcium chloride placed on shelves to keep the air absolutely dry. During the progress of a séance the door to be locked and ventilation accomplished by means of a small exhaust fan near the ceiling drawing out a regulated amount of air, the intake being close to the floor, on the opposite side of the room, the incoming air passing over trays or through tubes containing calcium chloride, so as to enter the room absolutely dry.

Trays of calcium chloride to be in the room during the sitting to absorb any moisture given off by the breath of the sitters. The calcium chloride might be mingled with asbestos fibre, as used by the Platinotype Company, so as to be easily handled, and easily dried in the trays over a gas ring in a draught cupboard, or before an open firegrate, or the whole of the trays could be baked dry in an ordinary oven.

The room would, of course, be provided with cabinet, harmonium, and other accessories. In this way an absolutely dry electrical atmosphere could be obtained which should be quite equal to, or even surpass, that obtained in the United States or the Sinaitic desert, and the process of materialisation be as easily accomplished here as in either of the localities named. I think under these conditions we might look for great advances. Are there no wealthy persons, with the cause of spiritual truth at heart, who will come forward and provide this room? Mrs. T. R. Marshall has most generously offered a very handsome donation towards a Laboratory. Surely there are others who will second her generous offer. This design which I bring forward embodies the first attempt to provide conditions identical with those which obtain in more favoured lands, and I sincerely hope it will be taken in hand.

HUSE FUND.—Mrs. Etta Duffus, of Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, acknowledges with thanks the following contribution: Kays, £1 1s.

THE NEW ERA.—A vast wave from the ocean of new thought, as we call it, gathers in the horizon, threatening to engulf us in its mysterious vortex. Gradually we realise that we have to be prepared for something unknown, which is to make ourselves ready, not to expect another, but to be ourselves the new humanity. The actual actors on the new stage in the great Theatre of Life are ourselves. The scenes are already unrolling.—From "Superhumanity," by ISABELLE DE STRIEGER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Mercier.

SIR,—In an article by Mr. J. Arthur Hill, entitled "Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Mercier," in *LIGHT* of August 18th, Mr. Hill states that in a previous article in another periodical reproached Dr. Ivor L. Tuckett with his lack of experimental knowledge, and with having obtained his knowledge of psychical research from books. Mr. Hill adds that "on his own showing it is clear that Dr. Mercier knows little or nothing of psychical research except from books."

I would suggest that if Dr. Mercier had carefully studied the thirty volumes of the "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research, as well as the twenty-five volumes of (for instance) the French "Annales des Sciences Psychiques," he would have been even more fully competent to deal with the question of psychical research and even more convinced of the reality of psychical phenomena than if he had made a few experiments (which might or might not have been successful).

We are all dependent on the mass of evidence accumulated by our contemporaries and predecessors; and intelligent criticism can only be based on an impartial consideration of the whole of the evidence, or as much of it as a human brain can grasp and remember. Dr. Mercier sins by too little reading, not by too much. Documentary study is essential.—Yours, &c.,

C. Y. HANS HAMILTON.

Le Pavillon, Mauze (Deux Sevres),
France.

SIR,—If Dr. Mercier desires to have at any rate one erroneous statement pointed out in his book, "Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge," I have pleasure in referring him to page 20. There he states that "Supernatural agents are not to be postulated until natural agents have been found insufficient. Up to the present no serious attempt has been made to search for natural agents for these performances."

On the contrary, the London Dialectical Society, in appointing a committee of thirty-six individuals of unimpeachable standing to investigate these phenomena in 1869, did make such a serious attempt. Their report, issued in book form, and running to four hundred pages, details the efforts made, in most cases without success, to search for these "natural agents" to account for the phenomena.

Dr. Mercier's statement is therefore not in accordance with the facts. I cannot for one moment suppose that had Dr. Mercier been aware of this report he would have made the statement to which I refer; but if he did not know of these most important findings, arrived at after an investigation extending to many months, by what right does he pose as an authority and make these sweeping statements?

The doctor's book lends itself admirably to the *tu quoque* retort discourteous, but, as Sir Oliver remarks, it is a disagreeable and unprofitable expenditure of time. I would, however, point out that Dr. Mercier remarks in his preface that "the taste of Sir Oliver Lodge in publishing the book 'Raymond' must be passed over in silence." It comes, then, as rather a shock to the reader to find this critic of "taste" penning such a passage as this on page 85: "Really, when I read his naive and innocent account of his own simplicity, I wonder if Lady Lodge ever allows him to go out in the street without a nurse to see that he does not bring home a gross of sentry boxes or chimney-pots, or left-hand gloves, or something equally profitable."

As a serious contribution to the literature on Spiritualism I consider Dr. Mercier's book quite negligible.—Yours, &c.,
ERNEST HUNT.

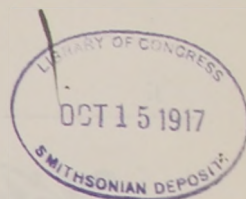
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No. 1,914.—VOL. XXXVII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1917. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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It is pitiful when would-be critics of psychical research have to be instructed in the very rudiments of intelligent criticism! But it is not, we think, that they are as ignorant as they seem; it is rather that they underrate the mental calibre of those they criticise—a bad mistake.

* * * *

NOTES BY THE WAY.

While, as we have said before, we invite intelligent criticism of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, we do not in the least fear the objections of the unintelligent or uninstructed opponents. These defeat their own ends by their general inanity. The Rev. Ellis G. Roberts is very far from being the only impartial observer who, from a study of some of the flatulent nonsense put forward as criticism of psychical research, has come to the conclusion that the Sadducees are in a very bad way. This comes about, of course, because the world has moved on, and the Sadducees have not moved with it. Their arguments might have passed muster a generation ago, because they would not then have been beneath the intellectual level of those to whom they were addressed. Now they are carefully examined and sometimes cast aside as rubbish even by those who have no sympathy with our subject. This was seen in the instance of the "Times" review of the books of Dr. Mercier and Colonel Cook, referred to in our "Notes by the Way" of the 4th ult. The "Times" reviewer expressed his sympathy with "a conscientious objection to Spiritualism," but when he went on to speak of "amateur criticism" both Dr. Mercier and Colonel Cook must have felt as if they were being wounded in the house of their friends. An attempt was made to retrieve the position by means of letters to the Editor of the "Times," to which the reviewer replied justifying his remarks.

* * * *

Judging by the tenor of the correspondence, we should imagine that the "Times" reviewer must have felt some of the sensations of Mr. Ellis Roberts, for this is one of the "arguments" addressed to him. It was put forward by an indignant gentleman named G. Stuart Ogilvie:—

I really cannot follow your reviewer in his contention that "there is no science in which personal experience of the phenomena is not a qualification, and inexperience a disqualification for criticism." Dr. Mercier . . . was once an examiner in mental diseases at the University of London. Does your reviewer suggest that Dr. Mercier was disqualified for that high and honourable office because he had unhappily had no personal experience of the hallucinations of stark staring madness?

Fancy offering such reasoning as that to the highly-trained intelligence of a reviewer on the "Times"! The reviewer, of course, points out the obvious fact that he did not mean—to take Mr. Ogilvie's sufficiently "casuistic" instance—that one must be insane in order to be a judge of insanity, but that one should have some experience in observing the phenomena of insanity. In the same way, to be a critic of psychical research one should have had under observation the intricate and puzzling phenomena that it presents.

The false ideal of mediumship as an operation whereby a mind uncultured and subservient is used by superior intelligences to carry out their work is rapidly passing away. We have learned that the more cultivated the intelligence the more worthily it can be used not so much as an instrument but as a conscious co-operator with spirit workers. The greatest thinkers and writers of all the ages have undoubtedly been the best recipients of inspiration from the unseen side. Hence the extent of their influence on the world. Again, it is a mistake always to narrow down the idea of inspiration to one of personal spirit control. Let us take an instance in the case of Oliver Goldsmith, "who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." But he was far from being the "inspired idiot" depicted by his shallow critics. A shy, sensitive soul, he did himself less than justice in uncongenial surroundings. But when not oppressed by his company he said some witty and brilliant things. His head and face revealed the greatness of the normal man, who in the quiet of his study could be inspired to the expression of high and beautiful thought. The greatest instruments of the higher world are always those who are great in themselves. The channel of inspiration necessarily bears a close relation to the volume and quality of the stream poured through it.

* * * *

Perhaps some reader can tell us the name of the author of the following charming sonnet. It is quite familiar to us, but at the moment we cannot trace the authorship:—

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half smiling, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Not wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, tho' more splendid, may not please him more—
So Nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the best we know.

"LIGHT ON THE FUTURE," reviewed in our "Notes" of August 25th, is the subject of a letter of warm appreciation from a Reading correspondent. The book commends itself to her by its simplicity and straightforwardness. The details which it gives of family life "over there" will, she feels, appeal to many mothers' hearts. "Many will be comforted to read of the little still-born babes lovingly cared for and taught by the angel ministrants, and still their own!" She finds much, too, in its pages which is of quite evidential value—"as where a baby's name or the fact of its existence was not known till it was found in the old family Bible."

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THE REDEMPTION OF CREATION.

BY H. A. DALLAS.

What is inspiration? The word means in-breathing; and it is used almost exclusively of that influx of Divine Wisdom which enlightens the mind concerning spiritual things. Actually, of course, the universe is only intelligible at all by virtue of the Divine inspiration which enables every man to participate, in varying degrees, in the Mind or Reason of God; all light and all knowledge comes from above; but the terms "inspired man" and "inspired writings" are used ordinarily in a more limited sense, in what is commonly called a "supernatural" sense. But how may this higher inspiration be recognised—this super-saturation, so to speak, with Divine Wisdom? To acknowledge that certain writings or persons are inspired is not equivalent to conscious recognition that they are so. It requires inspiration to recognise inspiration; as St. Paul said long ago, spiritual things can only be "spiritually discerned." "For what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man that is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, save the Spirit of God." As intellectual assent is not synonymous with spiritual discernment, so neither are correctness or infallibility the same thing as inspiration. An utterance may be super-saturated with Divine Wisdom and yet may contain errors, and a man may be inspired and yet far from infallible. It has been the failure to recognise this distinction which has caused much confusion in the past concerning the Scriptures, and the same mistake lies at the root of the tendency many persons exhibit to follow some dominating personality blindly—a dangerous tendency, likely to end in disaster. The tendency to rest upon infallibility may stultify inspiration.

These thoughts have been suggested in connection with a passage in one of St. Paul's letters which seems to bear the most unmistakable stamp of inspiration, I allude to Romans viii., particularly verses 18 to 25. St. Paul was not, and never claimed to be, infallible, but at times he exhibits profound insight, and one instinctively recognises that he is uttering inspired truths: "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed to us-ward. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God. For the creation was subjected to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." If we compare this with the next verse in which he speaks of our "adoption," that is to say, "the redemption of the body," for which we, too, wait and long, the meaning becomes clear. St. Paul seems to see that all Nature is brought into the limitations of the matter of this universe for the accomplishment of a Divine purpose, "*by reason of Him who subjected it.*" The essential element, the psychic force, manifesting in matter is subjected to "vanity," that is, to conditions which are fugitive and liable to disintegration.

The life force which now appears in multitudes of material forms, in grass and flower, in butterfly and bird, is in "bondage of corruption" until man, God's spirit child, has come to birth; whilst the Son of God nature in mankind is still struggling in the womb of matter and of the animal man the whole creation waits in suspense for its deliverance. When the birth of Humanity is accomplished the material universe will vanish as a scroll and the creature will be set free; the essential elements of the life of all things will manifest on a higher plane, in forms of beauty not the less lovely or real because they will be more ethereal and freer from limitations than in this world of dust. We, too, will be possessed of bodies incorruptible and ethereal. This is a "husk" world, the forces manifesting here are cramped and restrained, and the lower creation is enduring this restraint with us until Humanity, "begotten of God," is ready for freedom. "Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee," will then be true of the children of men. Thus St. Paul would have us think of all the beautiful and lovable creatures around

us as imprisoned with us for a while and depending on us for their liberty, as fellow-heirs with us of the new heavens and the new earth, where the same, *the very same*, life forces which we have learned to love here shall find their happy extension and glorious liberty. A partial liberty is won when any creature dies, but only partial, perhaps only temporary. "They, apart from us, shall not be made perfect." With the hopes in our hearts we may look at the passing beauty of summer, and the dropping petals of its roses without regret. It is only the husk which passes, the essential force which thus manifests eludes us; we have never seen it except under the veil of matter, but it does not die. It renews its strength in its Divine Source and is ready for higher manifestations and more perfect embodiments in the day of the "revealing of the sons of God."

PSYCHICAL DISCOVERY: ITS PROGRESS AND PROMISE.

A NOTE ON DR. CRAWFORD'S EXPERIMENTS.

Of the many candid and thoughtful reviews which have appeared of Dr. Crawford's book, "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena," we should be inclined to award the palm to the one contributed to the "National Weekly" of the 11th ult. by two writers, who modestly veil their identity under the initials "P. W.—R. H." We are betraying no secrets when we state from personal knowledge that they are talented young officers who are serving their country with the fighting forces, and that one is a student of philosophy and the other a practical chemist—a fact which may account for the blend of philosophical reflection with close analysis, which is a marked feature of the article. The authors begin by pointing out that in scientific discovery it is not only the first step which counts. The step from nescience to certainty must be followed by step equally difficult and important, the step from certainty to explanation:—

So far, where psychic phenomena are concerned, there has been an awkward gap between the medium and the phenomena. We have, as it were, found ourselves confronted with the hands of a watch which move, although no works are visible.

The faithful, as is their nature, jumped to the conclusion that either God or the Devil was responsible for the movement. Thomasian Science, also true to its nature, at once decided that either a human devil—fraud—or a human error—hallucination—was responsible.

And unfortunately the faithful were so faithful that they never thought of trying to find the mechanism whereby God achieves the impossible; and this very depth of the faith of the faithful served to keep away those Thomases who might otherwise have been led to investigate.

This, though of course exaggerated, is substantially how matters stood, till Dr. Crawford suddenly announced that he had found a cog-wheel behind the hands. Whereat the stupidity of not looking at once became apparent in our eyes, and many wise ones have already begun to criticise Dr. Crawford's remissness, in that he has not counted all the teeth on the cog and found the chemical constitution thereof.

And indeed, when one comes to think of it, it is somewhat amazing that nearly half a century should have elapsed between Sir William Crookes' experiments and Dr. Crawford's.

The nature of the doctor's experiments, up to and including the experiment recorded in *LIGHT* of July 21st last, together with the conclusions to which they point, are then very clearly set forth. In the concluding paragraphs the writers indulge in anticipations of the developments which may be looked for in the future.

Perhaps the three most immediate changes for which we can look as a result of the book will be, first, the change in Psychic Research methods generally, and the definite entrance of Science into this new and most fruitful field; second, the change in the attitude of Science towards the conservation of energy, or perhaps rather towards the theory of energy, since in psychic phenomena we appear to reap that which we did not sow, and to tap sources of energy which lie "behind the veil," and of which Material Science is ignorant; and, third, the change in medical theories which must follow the realisation of the fact that at least half of the matter forming our bodies

invisible to normal sight, and can be taken out of and used outside our bodies.

Dr. Crawford promises us another series of experiments, and we can therefore look forward to more definite information as to the rods and the matter which constitutes them, and even perhaps as to the intelligence which guides them and the "power" which it utilises.

But here we come to fields so fruitful that imagination is hampered by abundance rather than by lack of material. Not only is it possible that we are now on the track of the connection between mind and matter and of the action of the former upon the latter, but also, if it be possible for human beings to learn to utilise consciously the powers which these experiments show to lie latent in their bodies, the whole course of Evolution may be changed. We may now be standing upon the threshold of an age unthinkable, in which the problems of War, Politics, Industry, &c., may either vanish or else be accentuated a thousand-fold.

Knowledge is only dangerous when it is ignorant, and thus we find ourselves as usual confronted with the supreme need of the present day—the need for a philosophy which shall unite science to faith and give man a glimpse into the meaning of life.

Until such a philosophy is achieved we cannot hope to order the present chaos, national and international; and the world therefore owes a very real debt of gratitude to Dr. Crawford and to the Goligher family, to whose united efforts this epoch-making book is due.

WHAT CAME TO ME IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY M. TAYLOR.

Someone had asked me to write about loneliness. I found the subject extraordinarily difficult. I was at a loss what to say. "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thine heart and write 'Yes,'" and yet to look there, at times, can be such exquisite torture that it is like asking a surgeon to perform, without the aid of anaesthetics, a serious internal operation on his own child.

To one entering on the spiritual life there must be no shirking, no glossing over, and above all no bitterness—and the dregs in the cup of sorrow and of loneliness are at times exceeding bitter: "Hast seen a staying heart, all crannies, every drop of blood turned to amethyst?" It is for such hearts that I am going to try and find words which may perhaps bring comfort.

When first a great calamity falls it does not immediately bring with it that terrible feeling of loneliness which inevitably follows after. At such times there is usually a certain amount of emotional excitement which for a while prevents realisation; then, from many sides sympathy pours in, for people are wonderfully and truly kind, and, if their emotional sympathy be roused, there is hardly anything that they will not do for one in distress. It is not natural, nor would it be right, that this state of things should last. Psychically speaking, the vibrations set up by grief are bad; the soul instinctively shuns that which retards its spiritual advancement.

As time goes on people weary of those who are sad, and they who at first were so ready to listen to your tale of woe, kind, loving, expansive though they may be, become absent, uninterested and bored if you speak of that grey grief which has taken up its abode in you, which lies down with you at night, rises with you in the morning, goes out and comes in with you; that gaunt misery round which your arms are entwined has become a part of yourself, no one loves it, no one wants it but you; you and your grief have become an incubus. Jealous of it you hug it closer still; no longer do you try and share it with others, and then it is that the ghastly black desolation of loneliness falls upon your broken heart; then it is that your courage fails you. What you have gone through is as nothing compared to this penal servitude of agony—there is no variation in this torture, it is continuous, but it does not kill. Oh! no, the years spread out their seconds, minutes, hours, days and months before you—tears no longer fall to relieve the tension. A stray word, a chance allusion, and a sharp sword is driven into the ever-gaping wound: God has forsaken you; this is your Garden of Gethsemane, this your

Cross of Calvary! Stricken, smitten and afflicted you stand, your wretched brain reels, and there are times when alone you writhe in your agony. It is for you, poor sufferer, that I write to-day. It is for you that I will speak of the faith and knowledge that is in me, and in deepest humility I ask that my words may ring so true that they will strike home, and that you may find balm for your bleeding heart and that your eyes will weep tears of joy when you realise that this hideous, grey, gaunt misery which has clung to you is a phantasm of your own creation.

Come out into the Wilderness, for it is only in the Wilderness, in the silence of the desert, that the Divine Voice can be heard; only in the Wilderness that you can learn; go into the silence and open your spiritual ears and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," for in the Wilderness there is a prophet, "yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet," but alone must you go to learn that you are not alone. Alone, and in the Wilderness only, can the Immaculate Conception of your Virgin soul take place, there only can it conceive and bear the Christ of all the Ages who is waiting to be born in you and blossom forth in joy and peace and believing, in all that is good and great, wonderful and true. Then, in the strength of the Spirit that will waken in you, will you crush down the Satan of sin, suffering, death and sorrow under your heel. Yours will be the Kingdom of God, for it will be born within you, and in that kingdom there are Principalities and Powers undreamt of by those without the gates—in the Wilderness you will gain a kingdom that is eternal, a kingdom not builded with hands—but to gain this kingdom in the silence you must commune with the Divine that is in you. St. Paul went into the Wilderness before he was fitted for his great work, it was in the silence of the desert that he came by that knowledge of the Spirit which he taught and which even comparatively few of the expounders of his epistles understand or grasp—there in the silence of the Wilderness Paul communed with his own spirit, with his God.

Once get into touch with the Divine, and no one else's creed or opinion will be able to shake your knowledge; this world will never again mean the same to you, it will be far more wonderful, and for you a sense of the beautiful will awaken, and through it you will see the Divine. All that is ugly, foul, low and mean, though far more repellent to you, will be of less importance, for what is outside the Divine is not—God is, evil is not.

When my heart aches, when my spirit is weary, when the world becomes too much with me, I shut it right out for a time, go "into the silence," and I am for the time being as deep in the Wilderness as was ever St. Paul. Then I ask that the way should be made clear to me, that I may understand and that help should be sent to me, and when I again come back to this world I come with the assurance of help and often with the knowledge that I needed. In this way, too, I have been able greatly to help others. There is no end to the power and knowledge to be gained when you realise that there is another kingdom, that is not of this world—a Spirit World where love reigns supreme, where in place of that sorry, grey, gaunt companion that was eating into your very soul, there waits for you, in the radiance of joy and bliss, all the Love of which you have ever in your whole life dreamed. Nothing can separate you from those you love. The Kingdom of Heaven is the realisation of the divinity of love, and it is only by going into the Wilderness that you will ever be able to understand this radiant truth.

THE PLANCHETTE MESSAGE: SUGGESTED EXPLANATIONS.

Viscountess Molesworth writes:—

With reference to Miss Hyde's message by planchette (pp. 269 and 284), I cannot help thinking that it is a forecast. In my own case I have had messages of the same kind, and the actual "passing" did not occur for some weeks later. The only other explanation is mistaken identity, in which case the mistake is admitted. Or, would it be as Robert Lees says in "Through the Mists," that the soul is shown and introduced to its future home before it leaves the body for all time? Then, again, I should like to ask, and some more experienced readers may be able to answer, whether those on the other side always distinguish between the souls that wander in sleep and those that have actually left the body in death.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1917.

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. 2. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

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AN OPEN SECRET.

With the great highway of Truth stretching before us there comes sometimes a strong temptation to turn aside in order to take a meadow-path, a winding lane or even a track through the woods. The open road as a method of reaching any spiritual destination is too obvious. We cannot quite believe in it. We may even fail to see it altogether, solely because it is so conspicuous a feature of the landscape. Indeed, the open secrets are always the last to be discovered. We can find radium and the electron, because the quest of those is so laborious and complicated a business, but the discovery of the living spirit in man staring us openly in the face has yet to be achieved. Meanwhile we plunge into the thickets of metaphysics, the woodland tracks of speculation, all kinds of alluring lanes and byways, and there toil wearily towards a goal the way to which is so very simple to the wayfarer who has the true simplicity of Nature, that simplicity which is the highest wisdom, the simplicity which can believe. "So it must be," as Matthew Arnold wrote in those melancholy lines of his on the "madly jangled" things of life, the tangled paths, the strained minds, the wits overfed with reading. And if so it *must* be, we may at least try to apply the solution of simplicity to some of the smaller things, since to the greater they are not yet to be applied with any effect.

Let us take that little problem of the dearth of phenomenal evidences of the reality of human survival for which so many are craving. Forty or fifty years ago they were plentiful—materialisations, apports, levitations, things so amazing as to appear utterly incredible. And then they passed, and only here and there are they discoverable by the public to-day. A dozen theories have been offered, but the explanation is quite simple. It is just a matter of the difference between *Belief* and *Unbelief*. If the cynical observer remarks at this point that the atmosphere of credulity is favourable to the growth of wonders we are quite at one with him, provided always that he will accept the other side of his argument—viz., that the atmosphere of scepticism is fatal to their growth, whereby it becomes apparent that his position is no more reasonable or normal than that of the believer whom he despises. It is quite a simple proposition. Everybody knows that a hot-house is favourable to the growth of flowers and weeds whereas an ice-house kills them both impartially. And what of it? What does it prove? And what is the superiority of the ice-house over the hot-house? Let us put it another way: If we want guests we provide the atmosphere of hospitality and friend-

ship, that is to say, we show that we "believe in" guests. If we don't want them we offer what our American allies playfully allude to as the "cold hand and the hard eye." The sceptic (who sometimes describes himself, by a strange perversion, as a rationalist) does not want guests from the other world, does not "believe in" them, and accordingly does not get them; but how or why this proves that there are no such guests we are unable to fathom. No, to the asylum to which the rationalist consigns the Credulous Idiot another wing must be added. It must be designed for the reception of the Sceptical Idiot.

Here, then, is our Open Secret. We gain or lose our ends all the time accordingly as we provide the conditions of Belief or Unbelief. The arrangement is mathematically exact. We get what we believe in. Perhaps at this point a critic objects that he knows of thousands who are seeking things their lives through, believing in them, but never getting them. But is it so? We have never heard of a wayfarer who, being told that the road he is on would "take" him to York, sat down on a milestone and waited in the belief that the road would itself perform the journey. That particular form of simplicity and belief is *unknown* in purely physical matters: it is only found in regions where the laws of progress are (quite mistakenly) supposed to be radically different. They are not. That is an open secret, and as a consequence tremendously baffling and well-nigh unintelligible.

A wise man, but not so wise that he did not become immensely rich, once said that no man who wanted wealth and went the right way to get it ever failed. Of course, there is a difference between wanting a thing and merely thinking that you want it. There are millions who think they want all sorts of things whether in the way of riches or reputation. But the real want is absent. That is a matter of belief. In earlier years we met certain young men who set their hearts, and not merely their fancies, on becoming rich and famous in one way or another. We saw them mount to the desired heights, becoming great artists, actors, novelists, cricketers, a peer, a millionaire. The mystery of the Open Secret was no mystery to them. They were born with the power of vision—not, perhaps, the highest vision, but none the less the faculty of seeing clearly. Seeing that belief was the first essential, they believed in themselves and in what they wanted. And they got it.

Three years ago there were men (Prussians) who wanted war, wanted it earnestly, resolutely, strongly and wilfully. They believed in it—and got it! There were millions of others who thought they wanted peace, but not being clear in their minds, and having no real belief in peace, they left the issue to chance. The result is before us.

There will come a time when intelligent humanity will really want to know the truth regarding a life after death. And when it really wants it and believes in it as a possibility, that Great Secret will be as open a one to the world at large as to the few who, seeing it as something plain and palpable, wonder at the blindness of the rest, the blindness which comes of unbelief.

It is better to be a crystal and be broken than remain perfect like a tile on the house-top.—A CHINESE APHORISM.
DEATH NOT THE END.—Death should be to men a beautiful hope, and not a fear. It *cannot* be the end. The scientific logic that would say so is easily refuted by Philosophy, and philosophy can easily go further, it can show that when we talk of *beginnings* and *ends* of consciousness we talk nonsense. Birth and death are only finite terms, useful enough for the finite judgments required in everyday life; but used with respect to consciousness they are meaningless.—"Science, Matter and Immortality," by R. C. MACFIE.

MR. ROBERT JAMES LEES.

AN INTERVIEW.

BY ABRAHAM WALLACE, M.D.

I have returned from a short holiday in North Devon, where it has been my great privilege to have spent several hours with that wonderful psychic, Mr. Robert James Lees, who was well known to the Spiritualists of London some twenty years ago. Since then he has been rarely seen in the Metropolis, so that recent members of the London Spiritualist Alliance can only know him by a series of very remarkable books produced through his mediumship. "Through the Mists, being the Leaves from the Autobiography of a Soul in Paradise," was published in 1898, "The Heretic" in 1901, and in 1905 followed "The Life Elysian," being more communications from a soul in Paradise. "The Car of Phœbus," which is a mystical romance of early Babylonian and Egyptian times, appeared shortly after this, and in 1909 there was brought out a "Reincarnation Study," called "An Astral Bridegroom," in which the only feasible alternative to the Theosophical doctrine of Reincarnation is set forth.

At present Mr. Lees is busy with another book, "The Gate of Heaven," produced by a very ancient control, which from the extracts read to me promises to be even more fascinating than any of his other productions.

On his birthday anniversary I had a pleasant talk with some of his noted controls, who took me into their confidence and expressed the hope that he might shortly return to London for active psychic work, as they consider that the teaching which they can impart through their instrument in these days of trial and dire distress would be helpful to those suffering the loss of dear ones, who have passed beyond the veil in this awful war.

Although our friend is approaching his "three score years and ten," his appearance quite belies the passage of years, as his dark hair and slightly grey beard would indicate a much younger man; I feel, moreover, that there is in him great capacity for good psychic work for many a day.

Like that great American seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, Mr. Lees has been almost entirely taught from spirit realms, as his school training consisted only of a few weeks at a dame's school. Owing to early domestic trials he became an errand boy when only six or seven years of age, and he has had a varied and busy life since youth. A house, into which his family removed when he was in his early teens, was found to be haunted, which gave him an opportunity for the first display of his mediumistic powers. While sitting with his father and an elder brother for table phenomena, he became clairvoyant, and saw the form of a girl with her throat cut, wandering about in her night-dress. At the sight of this apparition he fainted, and remained unconscious for a considerable time. In spite of this, however, the next evening he was quite disposed to sit again to watch for the ghost. A local medical man and a policeman were called in, who joined the séance, and in their presence the form materialised sufficiently for all to see it. It beckoned to them to follow it, which they all did, save the terrified policeman, to the cellar below, where it slowly disappeared through the floor. The doctor marked the exact spot, and next day, on digging about four feet from the surface, the skeleton of a young female was discovered, corresponding in size to the girl whose form they saw, and it was subsequently ascertained that a girl formerly living in that house had unaccountably disappeared.

I hope that some day Mr. Lees' life will be written, as there are many incidents which ought to be permanently recorded. In consequence of his remarkable gifts he has been called upon to influence the lives of many distinguished people. He has been instrumental in bringing to light many mysteries, notably one which some years ago horrified the whole of London; and by his supernatural powers he has brought to justice many notorious criminals in this and other countries.

It is intensely interesting to hear how he was most suspiciously treated as a lunatic when he tried to persuade our criminal authorities regarding his detective abilities as they

would not at first admit the utility or even the possibility of such supernormal gifts. I can fully sympathise with him, as I was so treated when once, and only once, I tried to help the police to bring to justice, by means of psychometry, the perpetrator of a murder. While capital punishment, however, is still retained on our statute-book, help by higher clairvoyance cannot be given, for we are taught that a murder committed by an individual does not entitle psychics to help to produce a judicial one.

Mr. Lees' spirit helpers have often been instrumental in curing diseases, and I have perused testimonials voluntarily presented to him in which instantaneous cures are recorded. One of his controls is especially efficient in diagnosing diseases, and I have learned of several cases in which the diagnoses were subsequently confirmed. At present I am verifying the statements made regarding one or two remarkable cases, especially one in which epileptic symptoms developed, the fits recurring five or six times daily, which entirely disappeared after the first treatment, to the great astonishment of the medical attendants. The young man is now perfectly well, although he had been classed as incurable.

Many old friends and some not personally acquainted with the producer of "Through the Mists," &c., will look forward with pleasant anticipation to Mr. Lees possibly again making London his home.

THE LATE MRS. ALICE GRENFELL.

In our issue of the 25th ult. we inserted a brief notice of the transition of Mrs. Alice Grenfell, furnished to us by her son, Professor B. P. Grenfell, F.B.A., whose name is so well known in connection with the discovery of Greek papyri in Egypt. Student, artist, author, and brilliant and original talker, Mrs. Grenfell was a woman of many-sided gifts. In the early days of her married life at Clifton (her husband, Mr. John G. Grenfell, F.G.S., F.R.M.S., was one of the masters of Clifton College), she took a prominent part in the women's suffrage movement, helping to organise the Bristol Society for Women's Suffrage, of which she was secretary for many years. Later she joined the staff of the Central Women's Suffrage Society, and also assisted in founding the society at Oxford, in which city she has resided since her husband's death. For the last twenty years she devoted herself to the study of Egyptology. Hitherto little attention had been paid by Egyptologists to scarabs, except those bearing royal or private names. Mrs. Grenfell undertook the study of the other kinds of scarabs, containing mythological or amuletic inscriptions, and by dint of long research and the collection of a very large number of examples from originals, impressions, photographs and drawings, managed to throw much light on a very obscure subject by a series of articles which began with one in the "Proceedings of the Society for Biblical Archaeology" in 1901, and included contributions to learned periodicals of the Continent, such as the "Recueil de Travaux" and the "Rendiconti della reale Accademia dei Lincei."

Of her Egyptological books, some are left to the Cairo Museum, others to Queen's College, Clifton College, and the Edwards Library of the University of London, which will probably receive also her valuable collection of scarab drawings. Mrs. Grenfell was also the author of a novel called "Mellony" and several magazine stories, besides some clever and amusing essays concerning school life. Later in life she was much interested in psychical research, becoming, as a result of her investigations into the subject, increasingly assured of the fact of the survival of the spirit after bodily death and the possibility of communion between the two states of existence.

Two principles should rule our intercourse: love and strength. Without love and without strength also, the soul is never safe in any society, whether that society be incarnate or discarnate.—"Objections to Spiritualism Answered," by H. A. DALLAS.

HAVING had occasion to quarrel with Dr. Charles Mercier's attitude on a subject outside his special province, it affords us the greater pleasure to give unqualified praise to a little book from his pen entitled "The Ideal Nurse" (Mental Culture Enterprise, 329, High Holborn, W.C.). It is a republication of an address he delivered some years ago to a staff of nurses of a special class, viz., those devoted to nursing the insane, but the wise and practical counsel it contains, though specially adapted in parts to the nurse in mental cases, is nowhere out of place as addressed to nurses in general.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

WIDE-SWEEPING PREDICTIONS.

In *LIGHT* for January 16th, 1892, appeared some extracts from a pamphlet printed for private circulation by Dr. Elliott Coues, of Washington, D.C., the manuscript of which had been written about a year and a half before—viz., on August 27th, 1890—by an author who preferred that his name should not be disclosed. Some of the predictions set forth in these extracts (which we give in slightly abbreviated form below), though they have not been fulfilled as quickly as the writer anticipated, show signs of coming to pass in the not far distant future. But while he appears to have made some good shots, there are features in his forecast—as, for instance, the part he assigned to Russia in the development of events—which strike us as quite beside the mark:—

The seers and prophets of every school of thought have foretold extraordinary changes to be wrought in Church and State during the latter part of the nineteenth century. However they have differed in their creeds and theories, however their faith in the future has varied in details of events to come, they have been unanimous in fixing the time of these wonderful occurrences between the years 1850 and 1925. All the prophetic dates fall within this period of time—the last half of the present century and the first quarter of the next. . . . All the great predictions enfolded in the mystic leaves of the Bible have two signs. . . . First, the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, and second, the return of the Jews to Palestine. That both these great events must happen within a few years from the present time is apparent to every observer of current political affairs. The daily papers even mention them both as probable occurrences of the near future. The fall of the Sublime Porte when the crescent shall have waned—either through Russian intrigue or through the natural disintegration of the heterogeneous Turkish Empire—will be the signal for a war in Europe the greatest, and in its consequences the most terrific, of any struggle the world has ever seen. The whole map of that continent will be dissolved and rearranged. Its every Government now existing will be overthrown within the next ten years. It is both possible and probable that this war will begin with some treachery or aggression on the part of Russia within two years, and extend throughout Europe within five years. . . . The outbreak of the general European war will be favoured and hastened by the Socialistic elements of the several nations involved. Organised warfare will become complicated by the conflict between labour and capital, and be attended throughout with the horrors of bloody riots among the strikers, not only in European countries, but in every civilised nation on the globe where the masses will be arrayed against the classes. Such conflicts between labour organisations and organised capital will increase in frequency and severity in North and South America and Australia from the present year to the years 1901-2, when the Governments of these countries will become socialistic and despotic. In the impending political intrigues and military operations France will conquer Germany, regain her lost provinces, extend her boundaries, and become again the foremost Power in Europe. Germany will lose her present military prestige and be torn with internal dissensions arising from her socialistic classes and from the fierce hostilities between the Catholic element in her southern and the Protestant element in her northern provinces. During the progress of these wars both famine and pestilence will lend their terrors to the great drama, and financial crises will decide the fate of empires. Jewish bankers will increase in wealth and power all over Europe; and religious fanaticism will so pursue and persecute the race that even the wealthiest Jews will seek Palestine for peace and security. France will find a military hero as soon as the occasion requires a leader in war, and members of the Royalist party will carry her on to supremacy. The first Napoleon attempted to revive the titles, pomps and glories of the Roman Empire; but the last Napoleon will see the star of that invincible dynasty, in Syria and in Egypt, shining upon a coalition of the Gaul and the Jew. The prophecies in the Book of Daniel and of Revelation will be literally verified, in the combination of all the present Governments of what was once under the Roman sceptre into one vast Confederation, ruled by a despot who becomes such by universal suffrage. The first upheaval in Europe will set on foot the wildest and most fanatical experiments in Socialistic and Communistic government, both political and industrial, and the cry of "Vox Populi, Vox Dei," will become continuous and ultimately triumphant. A radical democracy will demand and accomplish fundamental changes in Church, State and society. The masses and not the classes

will rule. Power will be vested in the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's molten image till all royalty and aristocracy be swept away in the fall of all the houses that hold hereditary rights and privileges.

From this year 1890 till the end of the present dispensation, or consummation of the ages, I foresee the most astounding and constantly augmenting manifestations of the invisible spiritual powers, both good and evil, working out their respective ends on the material plane among mortals, and urging of the conflicts I have but dimly outlined. . . . I foresee terrible famines and commotions in Asia as well as in Europe, among the Chinese and Japanese. Thousands of Chinese, imported to build the Nicaragua Canal and for other purposes, will become a disturbing element among us. That nation is likely to gain possession of the Sandwich Islands, whence a hostile invasion of some parts of America is not improbable. . . . During the latter part of this century a Stanley or other such leader will acquire despotic power in the Dark Continent. Russia in her convulsions will greatly extend her dominions in Asia. From this year onward gigantic material undertakings of every kind will move on with increasing rapidity. The building of railroads and other evidences of reviving prosperity in Syria, Palestine and Egypt will turn thoughtful people again to the study of Biblical prophecies respecting those countries. Sooner or later will be a union of the worst elements in the Greek, Roman, Mohammedan, and Protestant Churches for the purpose of rule and aggression; and this combination will realise the "Mystery of Babylon" of Revelation.

The most pronounced and amazing feature of this age will be the increasing activity and influence of women in every walk of life and in all countries. Thus three of the most despised and apparently insignificant members of the body politic will rise to the heights of power, display the most vehement passions, and exhibit the most noble heroism. These are the woman, the workman, and the Jew.

During the next fifteen years the negro race, both in Africa and in America, will advance more rapidly than any other in the essentials of civilisation, though this progress will be marked with great loss of life.

I believe in the divine mission of the literal house of Jacob and of the mystical spiritual house of Israel. . . . The better class of the literal house of Jacob, having had a history unparalleled among the nations, and endured the sufferings that develop the higher feminine element in them—the divine Shekinah—to a supreme degree, will be peculiarly well qualified to teach the world anew the arts of peace and the organisation of industry on the just principles of co-operation. To those that remain in Palestine after the terrible wars I foresee will be entrusted the leadership in this noble and honourable office. But the more sublime privilege and duty of teaching the peoples true religion and morality will devolve on the mystic house of Israel—on the whole body of those who are filled with the Christ-spirit, be they Jew or Gentile.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1887.)

The "Brisbane Telegraph" (July 8th) records the following. The investigation, we believe, resulted in the discharge of the accused, against whom there was no direct evidence: "A constable has just arrived from the Condamine with a Mrs. Granbower, wife of a settler in that district, for the purpose of identifying the prisoner Clayton, now under committal for trial for the murder of Hawkins, manager of Tieryboo Station. Mrs. Granbower, it is stated, has several times dreamt that she saw the murder being committed, and so vividly have the incidents of the dream been impressed on her mind that she decided to acquaint the authorities. She went out to the South Brisbane gaol this morning, and when she saw Clayton among fifteen other prisoners she at once recognised him as the man who in the dream she had seen committing the murder. It is stated that the woman never in her life saw Clayton before to-day. We understand that the authorities are now investigating the matter."

THE PETERS TESTIMONIAL FUND.

Mr. H. Withall is happy to acknowledge the following additional subscriptions towards the proposed testimonial to Mr. Alfred Vout Peters:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Dawson Rogers
Mr. Dawson Rogers
Mrs. E. M. Taylor
Miss Mack Wall

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

A PROPOSAL FOR A "DEFENCE BUREAU."

BY VICTOR.

Spiritualism is based on a mass of well-attested evidence whose volume is continuously increasing. It is supported by testimony to be found in the Bible and various other sacred writings. Among its witnesses are thousands of living men and women, many of whom have achieved distinction in various walks of life. Anybody who says that it is merely "humbug" thereby demonstrates that he either knows nothing about it or that his understanding is impervious to evidence. So far as concerns Spiritualism, he proves himself to be either an ignorant or a fool, whether he be a doctor of divinity or a stipendiary magistrate. Bitter attacks on Spiritualism by people of this type are frequently made in newspapers and publications of the cheaper sort, in which answers by Spiritualists, exposing the ignorance or stupidity of the attackers, very seldom appear.

This is largely due to the fact that Spiritualists do not understand newspaper methods and how to take advantage of them. If they did, the "dead set" against Spiritualism which has been going on for some time would provide them with an excellent opportunity for propaganda work of the most valuable kind. It was, if I remember aright, Lord Charles Beresford who said that ten lines in a halfpenny newspaper are worth much more than a long speech in Parliament. For propaganda purposes ten lines in a newspaper are worth more than ten columns in any publication that circulates almost exclusively among Spiritualists.

Most newspapers are conducted as commercial enterprises. To make them pay, their editors try to fill their news columns with what they think the majority of their readers like to read. The majority of them are anti-Spiritualists. For that reason it is assumed they like to read attacks on Spiritualism. Therefore room is made for them, especially such as treat Spiritualism as humbug, because that is believed to be the opinion held by most newspaper readers.

Under such conditions it would appear to be well-nigh useless to try to get replies to such attacks printed in the newspapers that publish them. So, indeed, it would be but for a principle appertaining to the commercial policy governing newspapers. The writer once heard an editor expound it thus: "It isn't so much what a man says as it is who says it that takes with the public."

As applied to the matter under consideration, this means that a communication by a "somebody" in defence of Spiritualism would stand an excellent chance of being printed, even in a London halfpenny newspaper, whereas if written by someone classified by that newspaper as a "nobody," it would be consigned unceremoniously to the waste-paper basket.

There are a number of Spiritualists who are very much "somebodies"; and a much larger number who measure up to the "somebody" standard as estimated by the smaller fry provincial and suburban newspapers. In publications of this kind, whose influence in the bulk is considerable, communications in defence of Spiritualism by these lesser "somebodies" would, in the majority of cases, probably be printed.

To take advantage of this state of affairs to bring something of the case for Spiritualism before a large public, the writer, as one of the many "nobodies" who are Spiritualists, ventures to suggest that some such plan as outlined below be adopted.

Let there be organised, under the supervision of some such body as, say, the Spiritualist Alliance, a Spiritualist Defence Bureau, whose object shall be to get replies to attacks on Spiritualism printed in newspapers and other publications in which they appear. With this bureau should be affiliated a dozen or more of the Spiritualist "somebodies" who can be depended on to write prompt, effective and legible replies to attacks on Spiritualism in whatsoever publications they appear. To obtain copies of them, the bureau should give an order for them to one of the various press-cuttings agencies. It would not cost much. Such an agency would probably overlook attacks appearing in publications of comparatively limited circulation. They might be obtained by appealing to Spiritualists, through

LIGHT, to send them to the bureau. In these days there are pretty sure to be found among the readers of even the most obscure publications Spiritualists who, for the good of the cause, would respond to such an appeal.

The clippings as received should be turned over to those selected to answer them. The answers, for the most part, should be written in a terse, incisive and aggressive style. The day has gone by when a Spiritualist should deem himself under obligations to apologise for defending Spiritualism against attacks. It is the fellow who publicly sneers and jibes at it who should be made to feel apologetic.

Some of the most persistent, malignant and unfair assailants of Spiritualism are found among the clergy. Their attacks should be answered by some of those clerics of a different type who occasionally scintillate in the columns of LIGHT. There is, I believe, hardly a newspaper in the United Kingdom which, having published an attack on Spiritualism by a parson, would not open its columns to a rejoinder by another parson, however chary it might be of according a similar opportunity to a layman. Because, as newspapers gauge public tastes, a controversy between parsons on a subject that concerns religion in any form interests a large number of readers. For similar reasons an assault on Spiritualism by a judge or magistrate should be answered by a lawyer.

At present Spiritualism may be attacked in the press with impunity, and with the assurance of winning "applause from the galleries." But if the plan suggested were adopted this impunity would cease. The attackers would be subjected to counter-attacks. And since such attacks are generally inspired by ignorance and prejudice the attackers in the majority of cases would be ignominiously routed. No man who has gone through the experience of being publicly made a fool of will lightly risk a repetition of it. "Spookery" would soon cease to be a popular synonym for Spiritualism. That very large section of the public whose knowledge of Spiritualism is restricted to the misrepresentations of it they read in newspapers would learn that there is something in it that may be worth looking into. And a number of editors would gradually discover that it pays to treat Spiritualism seriously.

DEATH FORETOLD THROUGH AUTOMATIC WRITING.

The lady who sends the following states that she was herself the recipient of the messages referred to. She adds that the names used throughout are pseudonyms:—

I have seen Captain de Brath's letter to LIGHT of August 25th, 1917, and venture to send notes of a similar case; I can vouch for the truth of it.

The following was received on October 23rd, 1916:—

"Roger is badly wounded, you will have to be brave" . . .

(The automatist was about to add "he is dying or dead," but stopped because Mr. Rawdon, Colonel Burn-Murdock's friend, was present.)

Note.—Colonel Roger Burn-Murdock was wounded about 9.30 a.m. on October 26th, 1916; he died ten days later.

Later message: "Roger's arms are all right."

Note.—Letter from Colonel Burn-Murdock's servant two weeks later states:—

"The right wrist was only very slightly injured."

Later message (November 2nd, 1916): "I have seen Roger Burn —."

Note.—The automatist had never met Colonel Burn-Murdock, nor did she know of his existence. She knew his friend Mr. Rawdon very slightly. The whole communication came through Mr. Rawdon's deceased brother, who was also unknown to the automatist.

Later message (November 13th, 1916): "I have estate property, and will leave it to Mrs. Ferg —."

Note.—Letter dated December 3rd, 1916, states: "Mrs. Ferguson has all the estates. Colonel Burn-Murdock left a codicil which has not been published."

Later message (November 22nd, 1916): "He wants me to say that I was able to see him in church. Tell him Yes" . . . (written on the day of the memorial service).

Note.—Mr. Rawdon, while at the memorial service, had asked his friend mentally, "Can you see me in this church at your memorial service?"

I. M. B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Mercier.

SIR,—Since Dr. Mercier's article in the last "Hibbert Journal" on Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," several friends have written to me, hoping I should not be much depressed by it, and in one case a kind and very sympathetic lady trusts that I shall not be upset by the "crushing" attack upon "poor Sir Oliver Lodge." She was also anxious, some weeks ago, that I should write a refutation of Dr. Mercier's article. This suggests my object in writing this letter.

So many people say, and, with some apparent truth, that it is a mistake to keep silence when the attack comes from one who is a sensible and capable expert as regards other subjects. Such a man commands the respectful hearing of hundreds of people; say, as a medical expert, and his denunciations of psychical studies will command equal attention. If he is not answered and his arguments refuted, it will naturally be said that the latter are unanswerable. This is where the confusion of thought comes in. A medical expert is dealing with physical matter under purely physical conditions, and can, without much difficulty, give evidence of his capacity for successful diagnosis and successful treatment within these conditions.

We are apt to forget that the youngest (and possibly also the earliest) of the sciences cannot be judged by material methods alone, that we are touching here upon the higher-physical realms, and our investigations must of necessity be very tentative in this hitherto undiscovered region. We know as much and as little about higher-physical conditions as we know about the ether of space, and ought to be as unprejudiced in one case as in the other; as willing to give necessary conditions and employ appropriate methods, without question, as we should be in carrying out a chemical or any other physical-science experiment.

Dr. Mercier complains that Sir Oliver Lodge has not proved his case since he has not given evidence that satisfies Dr. Mercier. How could he do so? They are working on different planes—the one on the purely physical, the other on the higher-physical plane, where a true scientist is as much bound to use appropriate methods and allow for mental atmospheres and mental phenomena as the chemist is to allow for physical atmospheres and physical conditions in his chemical researches. But in the former case, the moment a man shows that he has approached psychical research knowing at any rate the A B C of its laws, he is denounced as a poor, weak, easily deluded mortal, and this simply because his critic does not know his A B C in these regions, and has never troubled to learn it. If a man, absolutely ignorant of all chemical or electrical laws, proposed to criticise the work and experience of two experts on these subjects, on the strength of being a noted botanist, we should say the poor man was mentally afflicted—but when it comes to the finest, most subtle and most difficult of all sciences every man who poses as a critic without special knowledge is mentally afflicted, since he considers that experience and research—so necessary in all other departments of Science—are quite negligible in the most complex problems that have as yet come within our experience. I do not think any researcher of some years' experience in these subjects will deny my premisses. And now for the practical outcome of these remarks.

Is it really worth while, or in any way advisable, to answer and discuss these questions with any man or woman, however distinguished in other fields, who writes criticisms which are obviously valueless, since they show the most profound and elementary ignorance of this subject? It seems to me not only waste of time, but really mischievous, because it gives a fictitious value to the criticisms—if such gas-bags can be thus described. It has been truly said that a child can ask questions which a wise man cannot answer. So can an idiot. In both cases imperfect knowledge generally suggests such questions. When the child knows more he will ask less. You are apt to have the same experience in talking to absolutely ignorant people as regards psychical matters. They do not know enough to be taught! When they have learnt their A B C, it will be time enough to begin answering their remarks. Emerson so truly says that everything that belongs to our spiritual development is bound to come to us some day. We cannot take less and we cannot take more than belongs to us at any special time. Judged by these wise words, one can only feel that Dr. Mercier has a good deal of "spade work" to do before he can come into his spiritual estate. But nobody can do that work for him. When it is accomplished, I hope he and Sir Oliver Lodge may meet on the latter's more advanced platform and find many points of contact.

A very clever and intellectual woman I know, told me some years ago that one of her sons proposed to discuss psychical matters with her, hoping, no doubt, to show her the error of her ways. She asked him very good-naturedly whether he had

read such and such books, mentioning some of the standard works on the subject. He was obliged to confess that he had not read one of them. "Then, my dear fellow," she said, "I could not possibly take you at such a disadvantage. I know a great deal about the subject through years of experimental study and have read all the most noted books. You admit that you know nothing—you have read none of the books—you have never investigated experimentally. It would be most unfair to you to hold such a discussion at present. Read a few of the best books—visit one or two of the most trustworthy exponents of the science, and then come and tell me, and we will discuss as much as you like." A wise mother! That is surely the only sensible reply to make to such critics as Dr. Mercier. Unfortunately, as yet, no one seems to have had the courage to say so! We must look forward with hope to the "Hibbert Journal" for October, 1917.—Yours, &c.,

E. KATHARINE BATES.

THE CURATIVE EFFECTS OF COLOUR.

As an outcome of an offer he made a little time ago to the War Office to decorate a hospital ward as an experiment, Mr. H. Kemp Prosser, the colour specialist, is now engaged in preparing a colour ward for shell-shock and nerve patients in Miss McCaul's hospital for officers in Welbeck-street, W. Explaining his ideas to an "Evening News" representative, Mr. Prosser said:—

Shell-shock is a disease of the tissues of the brain, and I hold that the right vibrations of colour will help to build them up. I do away with the sense of the confinement of four walls, which so affects the nerves, by introducing the colour vibrations of outdoors. I open the ceiling up to the sky by decorating it in the colour of the firmament—blue. The walls are thrown open by being the colour of sunlight—lemon yellow. I use the green of buds just bursting, for it is that life the nerve patient needs, and I have violet rays, which have already been proved so useful to nerves.

Brown furniture is sometimes used in hospitals; that is the colour of decay. Nerve patients do not want to be surrounded by autumn, they must be in the spring.

Some of them will be conscious of colour, some unconscious, and others subconsciously; but all are affected by it. In small-pox, rays of red light on a patient prevent him from being marked, showing one effect of colour.

I shall only have one picture—of spring, in a lemon-yellow frame—which will be part of the room. The effect will be harmony.

The curtains will be on brackets, so that a patient who needs a violet light will have that coloured curtain drawn out towards him, and one who needs sunlight a yellow curtain. Presently they will probably be able to stand stronger vibrations, such as orange.

We are further told that if his experiment is successful, Mr. Prosser intends to prepare a pamphlet explaining it, and send it to all the hospitals. He hopes the Government will take the matter up.

The above ideas will not be quite unfamiliar to members of the London Spiritualist Alliance, since only a few years ago Mr. Percy R. Street gave at the Suffolk-street Salon a lecture on "Colour Therapy and its Practical Application" (reported in LIGHT of February 28th and March 7th, 1914), in the course of which he narrated some cures which he had effected by the adoption of methods practically identical with those described by Mr. Prosser. Mr. Street is at present serving with the colours abroad—we mean, of course, in a military sense, not a therapeutic one!

QUESTIONS FOR MR. WELLS.—"Nemo," like Miss Dartle in "David Copperfield," asks for information. He is puzzled by Mr. H. G. Wells' statement regarding the dead (quoted in our Notes on page 265): "They have finished. . . . There they sit for ever rounded off and bright." Mr. Wells ought, he thinks, as a man of science, to tell us where they sit, who rounded them off, and what is the nature of their brightness. "And certain difficulties arise from the very form of Mr. Wells' revelation. Why and on what do they sit? If all 'rounded off,' how can they possibly sit? When rounded off, what became of the chips? If they are all bright, then, from the seated multitude, there must be a painful glare, and we ought to be told if blue spectacles are worn. Innumerable other difficulties occur when we consider the meaning of this new revelation—difficulties so great that the Philistine might say truth lies at the bottom of a Wells."

Light:

OCT 10 1917

WITHSONIAN DEPOSIT.

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

No. 1,915.—Vol. XXXVII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1917. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.
Per post, 10s. 10d. per annum.

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Social Gatherings are also held from time to time. Two tickets of admission to the lectures held in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, are sent to every Member, and one to every Associate. Members are admitted free to the Tuesday afternoon seances for illustrations of clairvoyance, and both Members and Associates are admitted free to the Friday afternoon meetings for "Talks with a Spirit Control," and to the meetings of the Psychic Class on Thursday, all of which are held at the rooms occupied at the above address.

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Notices of all meetings will appear regularly in "Light."

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We resume this week the series of papers in which "Rachel" describes some of the remarkable communications received through a planchette and purporting to come from her little son who passed on in early boyhood. We say "purporting to come" in the cautious spirit of psychical research, although from a perusal of the original manuscript as prepared for publication in book form, we judge the evidence of identity to be convincing to the last degree. In one of her earlier articles, as will be remembered "Rachel" referred to the inquisition held upon the messages while they were being received, one of the investigators being a priest whose evident conviction that the writings were from a diabolical source elicited a shocked inquiry from Sunny (the communicator) as to whether Father — did not believe in God—a very natural question. The articles previously published were welcomed with general favour, as shown by many letters received by "Rachel" and ourselves from readers, some of them persons of high critical judgment. Here and there, however, was a discordant note. The homely, intimate nature of the communication was not appreciated in these quarters, and a rock of offence was found in the prosaic descriptions given by the child of his life on the other side.

* * * *

In reading accounts of the other world conveyed in the terms of this one it is very necessary to weigh and discriminate carefully. We have to remember that in the last analysis, nothing is exactly what it seems. It is not so much that the phenomena of Time, Space and Environment are changed by death as that the human consciousness is differently polarised towards them. The change is radical enough, but it is only gradually perceived. In the earlier stages the perception of the spirit habituated to physical experiences continues to interpret them in much the same way; only with the growth of experience is the stage of what we know as "independent spirit life" actually reached; the true nature of that life, as we have been frequently assured, is almost utterly incommunicable to the physical brain. Nature is a very kind mother to her children and her dealings with them are seen to be infinitely benevolent—when understood. In these matters we have one sovereign guide—Reason. And the more we reason upon our life here and the life hereafter, the more evident become those principles in the light of which things that at first appeared perplexing and contradictory are resolved into order and sanity. To adapt a saying of Andrew Jackson Davis, Life needs not so much report as interpretation.

The suggestion made last week by Viscountess Molesworth that the message published by Captain de Brath reporting the death of a soldier (falsely as it seemed) might be in the nature of a prophetic message is a timely one. It is illustrated by other examples published in *LIGHT* during the last few weeks. It brings in once more that old problem of the nature of Time which is so intimately related to the question of life after death. It seems clear enough that the succession of events in Time may and does present itself in startling aspects to the interior consciousness even of the spirit incarnate. Psychic literature is full of examples of this, and we could ourselves a tale unfold of personal experiences in the same direction. We know something of the phenomena of light in the physical order, how that an observer if placed at the distance of the nearest fixed star and surveying the earth with a sufficiently powerful telescope would behold it not as it now is but as it was ages ago. Our account of the earth as it is to-day, if given to this imaginary spectator, would seem to be in the nature of a prophecy—a piece of colossal "fortune-telling" or an utterly incredible romance. There is a hint here but we are not minded to elaborate it, beyond referring to that stately line of Blanco White:—

If Light can hide so much, wherefore not Life?

* * * *

There are still some enthusiasts whose ideas centre round the possibility of man defying death by discovering the secret of "physical immortality." We say "still" because the subject belongs much more to the past than to the present. It ranks with the quest after the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold. Modern scientific discoveries, however, revive the idea in some minds. We are willing to admit that amongst the marvels of future ages may be some discovery that will enable man to extend his mortal life indefinitely; but we do not for a single moment imagine that he will take the utmost advantage of it. There will always come a time when the whole urge of the consciousness will be to take the upward step, for life without death would be life without growth. To-day we die because (amongst other reasons) we have to make room for others. The younger generation knocks at the door, and it must not be crowded out by any old persons who lag superfluous on the stage. Of course, it would be a great thing, when fully ripe and ready for another stage, to pass voluntarily into the hereafter and not willy-nilly as at present. That is the only aspect of the matter that possesses any interest for us. We fancy those people who are so enamoured of "physical immortality" do not realise that immortality is a state of the spirit and has no reference to duration in the *time* sense of the word.

PREJUDICE is a giant against whom Truth and Humanity need to be defended with great spirit, and in some desperate cases with a tiger-like ferocity: *A dur âne dur aiguillon* (For the stubborn ass a sharp spur): but there must be some judgment too; and take my word for it, there always has been *some* judgment used wherever so hard a battle is won.—CHARLES READ.

THE L.S.A. WINTER PROGRAMME.

With the first week in October the Alliance opens its programme of work for the winter session, and for the next seven months the large room at 110, St. Martin's-lane will on three afternoons in the week, with hardly a break, be the scene of interesting gatherings of one kind or another.

The Tuesday meetings, which are held at 3 p.m., and to which only Members are admitted, are devoted to clairvoyance. For the opening meeting (Tuesday, October 2nd) the Alliance has engaged the services of Mr. A. Vout Peters. We are glad to know that Mr. Peters' health is so greatly improved that he confidently anticipates being able to fulfil this as well as later engagements in the session.

On Thursday, the 4th, at 5 p.m., a social gathering will be held, when pianoforte solos will be given by Mr. H. M. Field. For the remaining Thursdays to the end of December (with the exception of December 13th, when a second social gathering will be held), Mr. W. J. Vanstone has promised a series of ten lectures. The subjects of the first three (October 11th, 18th, and 25th) will be "Odyllic Force and Radium," "The Essences and Jesus," and "The Miracles of Jesus." The remaining seven lectures will deal with "The Origin of the Monastic and Mystical Orders." The subjects will in every case be treated from the standpoint of a student of psychical science and mystical tradition. Each lecture will commence at 5 o'clock, and will be preceded at 4 by what is comparatively a recent feature in our programme—the quiet coming together of kindred spirits in what may be described as a "Group for Devotional Contemplation."

On Friday afternoons, from 3 to 4, Members and Associates are invited to attend the rooms and to introduce friends interested in Spiritualism for informal conversation, the exchange of experiences and mutual helpfulness. Such friends will have their interest deepened if they remain to the meeting which follows, and which is described on the programme as "Talks with a Spirit Control." On these occasions "Morambo," the guide of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, speaks briefly on a special subject relating to the conditions of the Future Life, and afterwards answers questions from the audience pertinent to the subject or arising out of the statements made. "Morambo's" topic on October 5th will be "Earth Conditions in the Spirit World."

In addition to the foregoing features of the session three addresses will be given in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall.

The first is fixed for Thursday, October 25th, when Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has kindly promised to speak on "THE NEW REVELATION."

The second address will be given on November 15th, the speaker being the Rev. W. F. COBB, D.D., Rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, and his subject, "Man the Microcosm"; while for the third, on December 13th, Dr. ELLIS T. POWELL has chosen a very striking topic, "The Imperial Keystone: A Study in the Psychic Evolution of the British Kingship."

Associates as well as Members are admitted free to the Thursday and Friday meetings at the rooms and to the addresses at the Salon. Visitors can be admitted to the same meetings on payment of a shilling, and to the addresses at the Salon (with the exception of the first) by the purchase beforehand of a shilling ticket. Owing to the expected large attendance at Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's address, it has been found necessary to confine admission on that occasion to HOLDERS OF SEASON TICKETS. These are sent to Members and Associates at the beginning of the session—two to every Member and one to every Associate.

Each week's engagements will be announced on the front page of the cover of the preceding issue of LIGHT.

THE PETERS TESTIMONIAL FUND.

Mr. H. Withall is happy to acknowledge the following additional subscriptions towards the proposed testimonial to Mr. Alfred Vout Peters:—

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Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie	1	1	0
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SIR OLIVER LODGE AND HIS CRITICS.

The correspondence in the "Sunday Times" for the 9th inst. under the heading of "Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge" is of a very mixed character. Some of it would be amusing if it were not tiresome. One of Sir Oliver Lodge's critics seems to be quite unaware that what he calls the "miracle of telepathy" has long been placed beyond reasonable dispute. Another, in a most confused and round-about fashion, explains that the successes of the trance medium are due to memory aided by conscious suggestion. He tells us, presumably from first-hand knowledge, that professional mediums have their "screens of memory" covered with records "placed there to enable them to carry on their business." That many of the records are of names and circumstances which could not possibly have come to them through the ordinary sources is a fact beneath his notice. A third thinks he demolishes the validity of Sir Oliver's conclusions by indulgently reflecting (evidently with no consciousness of his unpardonable rudeness): "Sir O. Lodge is an instance of the man of great scientific and intellectual attainments who unites with them the innocence of a child and the unworldliness of a saint. This is very evident in his physiognomy." We can only echo the comment of "Passer-by" in the "Birmingham Gazette": "After that, Sir Oliver might ask to see the face of his critic or, better still, feel his bumps."

We may refer at greater length to two rejoinders to Dr. Mercier. "M.A. (Cantab)" writes:—

Dr. Mercier says (referring to "certain experiences" whereon Sir Oliver Lodge bases his belief in survival)—"These I have examined and have shown that they could easily have been produced by fraud of the simplest character." Dr. Mercier—with sublime disregard of logic—forgets that to convince himself of fraud is not necessarily to convince others. . . . If Dr. Mercier knows exactly "how it is done," why does he not give public demonstrations? Since the tricks are so simple, very little preparation would be required.

Mr. J. Arthur Hill has the following:—

I am glad that Dr. Mercier is investigating for himself, but I wish he had done it before, instead of after writing his book. I do wish I could somehow make it clear that the subject is a branch of a new science, and that it calls for real and patient work. Anyone who lightly dismisses it with cheap witticisms about "spooks" is incurring a serious responsibility. I do not accuse Dr. Mercier of wilful deception, but only of bias due to natural conservatism. Dr. Mercier says we are driven out of our positions. This is amusing. He has neither attacked nor even seen mine—so far as I am aware—for my books are relatively obscure. Consequently my withers are unwrung. Sir Oliver Lodge is well able to defend himself if he thinks it worth while, but Dr. Mercier knows well enough that we cannot reprint the volumes of our evidence in a newspaper, and that, therefore, he has a certain advantage which he uses with undeniable cleverness. We cannot give our proofs in tabloid form.

In the "Sunday Times" of the 16th inst. the correspondence is continued, and on this occasion Dr. Mercier, in the course of some pleasantries, which are intended as a reply to Mr. J. Arthur Hill, remarks:—

It is well to know that Sir Oliver Lodge is well able to defend himself if he thinks it worth while. Up to the present he has not thought it worth while, and I shall be surprised if he ever does think it worth while. It is rarely worth while to answer an attack that is unanswerable . . .

On another page the journal makes the following announcement: "Next Sunday Sir Oliver Lodge will reply to Dr. Mercier and his other critics!"

DESCRIBING in the "Evening News" his play-going experiences during an eight weeks' stay in New York, Mr. Albert de Courville states that the play which finds most favour there just now is the play that in one way or another deals with Spiritualism or clairvoyance. The American mind would seem, he says, to be exceptionally keen on the psychological drama or plays supposed to reveal glimpses of Borderland. "The Thirteenth Chair," by Vayard Veiller, who wrote "Within the Law," is now in its second year, and its presentation of a Spiritualistic séance grips as strongly as ever. On the more purely psychological side "Turn to the Right" is a notable success.

"RACHEL COMFORTED."

THE CONVERSATIONS OF A MOTHER WITH THE CHILD SHE, AT ONE TIME, THOUGHT SHE HAD LOST.

BY "RACHEL."

This article is in continuation of a series which began in *LIGHT* on May 20th, 1916, and of which the last appeared on February 10th of this year. The communications were received several years ago through a planchette. The sitters were Sunny's mother, and a valued maid, so good and conscientious that no possible doubt could exist concerning her reliability as a sitter. The conversations continued, becoming more perfect and evidential daily, for four happy years. This Rachel, so comforted thereby, so convinced that her child has never died (but lives a life as natural and understandable as on this side), out of the fullness of her own love and gratitude, would, in these articles, comfort the sorrowing Rachels still un comforted.

To Nellie and me, the astounding part of my Sunny's communications was, at first, the sort of life he pictured. At the outset we were prepared only for harps, crowns, seas of glass, golden streets and gates of pearl.

Do some of you Rachels desire to hear that your children dwell amidst such surroundings? I fear, then, you will find nothing of the kind in the artless and joyous descriptions of my little son, aged twelve, with which I now deal.

I have often smiled at the recent outcry in some quarters at the mere idea of "cigars," for instance, on the other side. I can picture the gasps and outpourings of wrath could certain persons read my Sunny's complete conversations! I am enabled to tell you that years ago my boy was daily filling pages with descriptions of a life exceedingly like this one, though apparently happier and better in many ways. I am so glad to see (fifteen years now later) that the same kind of descriptions of the life "there" are coming through in highly reliable quarters.

A favourite expression of Sunny's, in his communications, was, "Mother, *how* shall I explain? I've *not* gone away into the sky or anywhere. There is Here, mother. It's all the same."

This, in reply to my ever recurring inquiry, "Do you have so-and-so *there*?"

Mr. W. T. Stead intended publishing "Rachel Comforted," and his preface to it will appear when the book appears. "If the boy had been at Winchester or Rugby," wrote my dear friend towards the close of his preface, "he could not be more matter-of-fact in the details which he gives about his life in the Happy Land." That was one of Sunny's names for his side of life, and an appropriate one. Happiness seems its chief feature—tempered.

I am so convinced that it is all as Sunny described that I feel at moments appalled at the terrible bigotry and ignorance with which we have been instructed concerning this dear, happy, natural life that is being led by those we love. Yet ancient beliefs die hard. And you often cannot convince Mr., Mrs. and Miss John Bull that, should they quit their physical bodies to-morrow, they would be very uncomfortable and unhappy if they had to sing hymns all day and all night for ever and ever.

Oh, "for mercy's sake," as Sunny would say in his quaint way, let us use a little common-sense over this great and vital subject. I take it that, as it is quite evident that many people who have passed over do not even know they are "dead," there can be very little change indeed, otherwise how could they fail to know? Indeed, I often ask myself may I not have died yesterday, and yet know nothing of it? What, after all, thanks to centuries of hard and fast ignorance and complacency, do we know yet of the other side of the change called Death? I consider we need to be ready to throw aside almost perhaps every idea we once had of life beyond the grave, and be prepared to find that it is still, thank God, a life

of activities resembling those of our daily existence here, *minus much of its pain and sorrow.*

Sunny speaks of pet animals, gardens, flower-beds, lawns, houses, furniture, of beds in which you sleep and wake, and from which you rise; of having a cold bath, and using a sponge, especially when you have been gardening and "got the mud all over your hands." He describes going to school, doing sums, reading books published "there" as "here," riding bicycles, and being given a present of a "gem of a bike—free-wheel, mind!" He talks of Christmas parties, of theatricals in which he took part, "Cinderella" being the play, and of his being cast for the Prince because of his long golden curls. "And I think it was very selfish of me, mother, but the ugly sisters were so ugly I didn't want to dance with them. Miss Hall was dressed up to be one of the sisters and had made herself a nice fright" (or words to that effect. I quote now from memory).

He tells of a donkey-ride at the sea-side. He speaks of electric light, "but far more beautiful than yours"; of how everything we have here is but a poor imitation of the discoveries and inventions there, the ideas for such evidently being communicated to us in our nightly death, i.e. sleep; of motor-cars in which glorious rides are enjoyed, hills and valleys, rivers and lakes, lessons and play, friendships and misunderstandings, joy and some sorrow, strivings and ambitions, horses, ponies, dogs, birds (but not in cages), professions, churches, theatres, trains, cricket, football, hockey and golf. He is amazed at our amazement, and frequently asks what sort of life I think he would be living if my early ideals had been correct. It would be a very dull one, that is certain! "God wouldn't want me to sing hymns all day." Yet the child also describes "once seeing an angel." And another time he speaks of having seen Christ, and asks me whether I remember "a picture of Christ standing knocking at a door?" "Well, that's like Him, mother. Nothing on His head. Only a light round it."

The angel he suddenly saw while digging his little garden. A beautiful form, with wings like silver gossamer coming from out its shoulders. No, they don't often (he tells me) see angels, but, if one has been very good indeed, an angelic visitor may apparently suddenly gladden one's eyes "there," even when one has been getting oneself "black" from the mud of one's garden where "Mother" (spelled in mustard and cross) shows where the thoughts of the little gardener sometimes go.

TRANSITION OF DR. JOHN HUNTER.

A great and good man has "gone home" in the passing hence of the Rev. John Hunter, D.D. The death of his elder son, who was killed on the Somme last year, was a blow from which Dr. Hunter never really recovered and the end came on the 15th inst. at his residence at Hampstead. Born at Aberdeen in 1849, John Hunter was ordained minister of the Congregational Church at York, in succession to the Rev. Jas. Parsons, in 1871. He was elected the first Nonconformist President of the Theological Society of the Ministry of Glasgow in 1895. In 1882 he became minister of Wycliffe Church, Hull, and in 1887 he took over the pastorate of Trinity Church, Glasgow, in succession to the celebrated Dr. William Pulsford, brother of John Pulsford, the author of many mystical works. Dr. Hunter was the preacher at King's Weigh House Church, London, in 1901 and returned to the pastorate of Trinity Church, Glasgow, in 1904, and remained in that position until 1913, when he resigned owing to ill-health. Subsequently he was able to undertake literary work and to preach to large congregations. Dr. Hunter's sermons and addresses were marked by the loftiest thought conveyed in language of singular beauty and impressiveness. The members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance had the privilege of hearing him on two occasions in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists—the first being on April 26th, 1906, when he spoke on "Modern Inspiration," and the second on February 25th, 1915, when his subject was "Miracles, Ancient and Modern."

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1917.

Light:

A JOURNAL of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of LIGHT, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. 2. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of LIGHT, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—LIGHT may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. 4, and LIGHT can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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THE UNKNOWN POWERS OF THE MIND.

SOME IMPARTIAL OBSERVATIONS.

N.B.—This is rote sarcastic.—ARTEMUS WARD.

From time to time we see recorded in the daily newspapers curious examples of the Supernormal; we refer more particularly to instances of what is known as miraculous healing. A patient has a dream or a vision in which a saint or an angel appears and makes some communication, after which the sufferer wakes up healed. Some of these cases appear to be well authenticated. The testimony comes not only from the patients themselves (who should be able to speak with some little authority) but also from witnesses of intelligence and probity, in some cases persons of Professional Standing. It shows that whereas the patients were afflicted with illness they have been suddenly cured, or having been blind, deaf or dumb, they are now able to see, hear or speak, as the case may be.

From the standpoint of an Impartial Observer, the matter presents points of considerable difficulty. In the first place, we have to consider the utter impossibility of there being either Heavenly Visitants or Angels. We have high scientific authority for regarding these beings as sheer Illusions, Relics of Savage Superstition, mere Fabulous creatures. Many learned works have been written on this question, and we cannot disregard their conclusions, backed as they are by a vast amount of erudition, showing that Spirits have no more substantial origin than the fancies of Primeval Man, perpetuated into modern time by the cunning of Priestcraft. Mr. E—d C—d would doubtless add his testimony to this view. Even supposing we admit (for the sake of argument) that there are actually certain beings of another order than the physical one, then we are faced by another difficulty—viz., the impossibility of these beings communicating with us. Those who maintain this view can not only point to high Theological Opinion, but also to the Law—the impossibility has been laid down by Act of Parliament.

The Impartial Observer may at this stage transfer his attention from the Vision or Communication, alleged by the sick persons to have been received by them (in defiance of Revealed Religion, Eminent Scientific Opinion and the Statutes in that case made and provided) to the alleged cures of alleged diseases. The problem then becomes even knottier. It is not easy to adopt the theory that the sick persons alone were deluded, owing to the fact that, as

already mentioned, certain of the cures have been certified by competent witnesses, including medical men who would naturally feel no predisposition in favour of Quack remedies. How, then, were the cures wrought? After long and mature reflection, we are in a position solemnly to affirm our belief that they were due to the Unknown Powers of the Mind. For the mind is a Perfect Abyss of Mystery and Deception, and not to be fathomed even by itself. Even the Eminent Authorities before referred to—and we say it with profound respect—do not know all about it even yet. The conclusion, then (it is quite provisional, of course), is that the patients in these Supernormal cases *thought* they were diseased, afterwards *thought* they saw and conversed with Heavenly Visitants or Angels (which was obviously a Delusion, besides being Illegal) and finally *thought* they were cured. Similarly the witnesses *thought* they saw sick people miraculously restored to health.

If it is objected that, on this view of the case, Thought is the agent by which men are deceived about things we can only reply that this appears to be the case. We may instance the extraordinary facility with which people who do *not* think are able to point out the Great Delusions which seize upon distinguished men who approach the subject of the Supernormal in a thoughtful way, for it is especially in regard to this subject of the Supernormal that the Unknown Powers of the Mind come into play.

The more we reflect upon this theory the more we are convinced that it presents a solution of all Supernormal facts which evade explanations of the ordinary kind. We claim no merit for the discovery. It is one of those things which might occur to anybody, and we are rather disposed to wonder why it has not been advanced before. Shakespeare in a way anticipated us, but that was only in regard to the quality of a thing and not to the thing itself: "There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

As an Impartial Observer we are called upon to note the occurrence of Extraordinary Phenomena of many kinds confidently certified by intelligent persons who have seen them, and as confidently denied by other intelligent persons who have not seen them. If we are asked why it is that thinking men can see and describe things which are Impossible, and that other thinking men can deny them without being able to say how and why they are Impossible, we can only reply with the formula which we expect hereafter to see more widely employed: because of the Unknown Powers of the Mind.

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON "THE INVISIBLE FOE" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Sir Oliver Lodge sends us a letter commending the above-mentioned play, of which we gave an account in LIGHT of the 1st inst. (p. 275). Referring to the theme of the play, which is the unmasking of a villain by psychical influences, Sir Oliver writes:—

The treatment is sympathetic and at the same time rational: a supernormal conclusion is not too strenuously insisted upon: a loophole is left, though a small one, for coincidence.

Some incidents are not elaborated sufficiently to be convincing, but if they were worked up thoroughly the result might be tedious, and anyhow the play is interesting and is indubitably well-acted.

From a conversation with Mr. H. B. Irving, behind the scenes at a recent performance, we learned that the new piece is meeting with the highest favour, crowded and enthusiastic audiences being present at every performance. We hope before long to publish some remarks by the famous actor dealing with certain points in the play which form the subject of popular discussion.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS CRITICS: A CONTINUATION.

By THE REV. ELLIS G. ROBERTS, M.A. (OXON.), ALBERBURY VICARAGE, SALOP.

The kindly welcome given to my article by men whose good opinion I value very highly indeed has induced me to continue my treatment of its subject. It is truly gratifying that at a time when highly imaginative romancists, glowing with enthusiasm, and well versed in the arts of rhetoric, are outpouring unasked confessions of their faith, revising religions, ordaining what shall be the counsels of the nations and, in a word, spring-cleaning the Universe, so much attention may be gained by a prosy logician and unassuming retailer of moral truisms. For to no higher position can I lay claim. I have no startling message for mankind; my moral code is defined in the Church Catechism; I am no ecstatic myself, and know little of ecstasy in others; poetry has no great charm for me: of the many thousands of hexameters, as to my acquaintance with which I have been obliged to "satisfy the examiners," it is the following that have left the most permanent impression on my mind. I quote them, not so much for the beauty of their form as for the value of the lessons they enforce:—

*Distribuas medium nec quartus terminus adsit:
Utraque nec premissa negans nec particularis.*

I may be told that they are lacking in literary finish: possibly they are. I am also constantly being informed that my old-fashioned text-books, with their crude denunciations of "evil-speaking, lying and slandering," and the like, are equally repulsive to the fastidious taste of the age. Yet modern controversialists would confer a benefit upon humanity did they pay some respect to my authorities, antiquated though they may be. If they conformed with the bare letter of the former we should have a *clearer* atmosphere of thought. If they were animated by the spirit of the latter we should have a *cleaner* one. And to clear and cleanse the atmosphere of thought is now the very first thing needful to the welfare of mankind. Man's spirit is stirred to its very depths; it is full time that his intellect should be braced up to the proper performance of its task.

Upon the shoulders of the controversialist in these freedom-loving days lies a responsibility that is heavy indeed. The most populous and most progressive nations of the Western world have renounced allegiance to Kings and committed their destinies to masters of debate. And the result, so far, is not reassuring. We see these enlightened nations at the present moment barely holding their own in a struggle for existence against an enemy much weaker in the material of warfare, but immeasurably stronger in concentration of counsel and purpose. We would not, indeed, willingly exchange the rule of the debater for that of the dragoon. But we must see to it that the debater recognises to the full the responsibility of the office he assumes: it must be high treason if by carelessness in searching for fact, or dishonesty in presenting argument, he leads those who trust him into ruin; no deadlier crime can be laid to the charge of rational man in these perilous, changeful days than that "he deceiveth the people."

This charge is now being brought with ignoble levity against some of the ablest and most devoted men and women in the world. In many cases the accusation has been brought without thinking: in few would it seem that its consequences have been thought out: in all, explicitly or implicitly, the indictment is the same. Spiritualists are charged with deceiving the people, and that in a province where it is superlatively desirable that the people should not be deceived. Magee, mighty lord of impassioned eloquence; Hyslop, master of cool, dispassionate thought, have, each in his turn, depicted the issues involved in the question whether man's conscious life ends with his mortal span. And, surely, never did that question come home to the thinker so urgently as it does at the present time. Man must now reconstruct, it may be from the very foundation, the shattered dwelling-place of his race. Is it to be built as a citadel within whose narrow limits he must, besieged by terrors, begin, continue, and end his days, or as

one of a series of many mansions through which he may pass, on a progress to which no limit is assigned? Such is the question as it affects the race; its import to the individual is not less vital. True, the individual may desire no extension of sphere: it is an error to suppose that all men wish for survival; if Maecenas would cling to existence though it were to be protracted on the cross, such longing seems to have been unintelligible to the most loyal and sympathetic of his friends. Yet he who aims at making the utmost of his life would desire some reasonable assurance as to whether or not it falls into extinction at death; it is, at least, permissible for him to inquire what time is allowed for the solution of his problem. "Enterprises of great pith and moment" are not carried through by those whose judgment is in suspense; they may be accomplished by him who believes in survival, and also by him who denies it, but the former will toil with the patience of one whose "hope is full of immortality"; the other must hurry with frantic speed to finish his task within the limit of days that hasten by "swifter than the weaver's shuttle."

Are Spiritualists deceiving the people? It is full time that the case should come to trial, for they have offered their doctrines to the world throughout so many years, and with such persistency and vigour, that they have already secured a hold upon a very important section of the community, and are daily adding to the number of their disciples. This is a fact; it cannot be gainsaid, neither may it any longer be ignored. It is full time that the trial should begin—should begin, I say, for of legitimate trial there has been hitherto no sign at all. Facilities for testing parts of the evidence have been offered and rejected with scorn. They have been offered, for example, by Mr. Mackenzie. Once more, I say, let the trial begin. I hold no brief for either side: all that I would urge, and this I would urge with all the powers I possess, is that the trial should be *fair*. Away with prejudice, be it ecclesiastical or scientific; let the issues be made clear; let the opponents state their case; let them state it as becomes honourable men; then let judgment be pronounced according to the evidence. I ask, in short, for Miss Katharine Bates, Sir Oliver Lodge, and their fellows just as much, and just as little, consideration from a nation which prides itself on its honourable traditions as an English judge allows to a person accused of forgery or petty theft. Am I asking too much?

Hitherto but one of the terms I require has been granted. In the seething mass of controversy which "Raymond" has called forth I find a minimum of what is instructive, not a little of what is repulsive, and very much that is simply exasperating. All is turmoil and confusion. There seems no clear issue stated by the unprejudiced, while partisans rend the air with confusing yells. One might imagine that we were in the midst of a general election, and that a noisy party were going to the country with a cry of "No spookery." Triumphant whoops from Carmelite House, gramophone guffaws from the provincial Press, sonorous anathemas from cathedral pulpits, all contribute to a general inferno of noise. For reason to gain a hearing amid such an outbreak of pandemonium is hopeless: indeed, even to form an individual opinion is by no means easy. One might as well study harmonic progressions with an organ-grinder crashing out obsolete comic songs under the window, while a full-voiced chorus of tom-cats outpours its "Hymn of Hate" on the roof.

The true issue must be realised if our minds are not to remain permanently bewildered. Really, we are not holding a general election to decide whether death shall end our existence or not. The matter is already settled by laws which our votes can neither establish nor repeal. This is an obvious truism—so obvious that many a blatant controversialist ignores it altogether. Whatever the fact may be, man can only accept it. Perhaps if the truism were realised, some of this undignified uproar might cease.

One of the conditions I require in the investigation so long overdue has already been fulfilled. Much of the literature of Spiritualism—some of early date, some fresh from the press—is quite familiar to me. The authors belong to different countries—chiefly Great Britain and the United States; they are members of various professions, scientists, soldiers, sailors,

college tutors, publishers, authors and clergymen. Much scope is therefore afforded for the display of idiosyncrasy. But the works I have studied are pervaded by certain characteristics which are common to them all. The authors rely not on *a priori* considerations but upon evidence, which they state with obvious honesty, and apparent precision; names, dates, and places are given in abundance, and are often easily identifiable; hearsay is carefully distinguished from first-hand knowledge, relevant from irrelevant, and verifiable from unverifiable matter. I find no leaven of unfairness: opposition is never treated with bitterness, though often with much humour. So far, then, as my knowledge extends I must deliberately pronounce that Spiritualism has stated its case, certainly with dignity, and seemingly with accuracy and candour. Its leading counsel have produced a favourable impression upon my mind: if, as certain excellent persons would have me believe, they really are inspired by the Devil, then I must agree with poor Mad Tom that "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."

Turning to the other side I find a contrast that is painful indeed. Many of the newspaper attacks upon Sir Oliver Lodge were distinguished as much by the sheer Teutonic brutality as by the abysmal ignorance of their authors. *Flagitia abscondi debent*: let such offences against decency be forgotten. There are more ambitious critics than the anonymous scribblers, and to them I do not wish my charge of brutality to apply, yet as they have unsparingly criticised others I must criticise them in their turn. They are by no means ignorant men, in the ordinary sense of the word. On the contrary, they are "well-read" men, if by this term is meant simply men of very extensive reading; in fact, their "much learning," if it has not, strictly speaking, made them mad, has seriously interfered with their power of independent thought; their store of knowledge is vast, but it contains much of that "knowledge of the non-existent" which to the mind of Plato was "ignorance." Borrowing a phrase from Mark Twain, who on this point is at one with Plato, I would say that our critics are "loaded up with misinformation." But as to the subject on which they pass judgment without reserve, their learning is chiefly second-hand: it has not been brought up to date, and is neither extensive nor accurate. I must not make such accusations without justification. Let me give a quotation from Mr. Clodd: "From the enormous mass of communications purporting to come from discarnate spirits, not an ennobling or high-toned message can be extracted; all, all is nauseating, frivolous, mischievous, spurious drivel." This is worse than "ignorance"; it is misinformation. It is flagrantly untrue, and to publish such a statement is discreditable to the last degree. Dr. Mercier coolly tells us that Sir Oliver is a martyr to "intellectual inertia, impenetrable ignorance, and overweening cocksureness." Will the excellent doctor kindly quote a few passages from "Raymond" or elsewhere in proof of these sweeping charges? Until he does he will be under the suspicion of confusing objective and subjective phenomena. Verification of details does not seem to be any part of Science as taught by Dr. Mercier. "Custom, use, wont" made it almost a necessity with old-fashioned scholars; probably this is why we are not "brilliant thinkers"; the man who can draw a boundless supply of data from his imagination must be spared an ocean of trouble, and could afford to concentrate on his syllogisms. But, as a matter of fact, our masters of modern thought treat deductive logic with the same disdain as they do the inductive side of the art. They seem to revel in "undistributed middle," "false analogy," "argumentum ad hominem," "ignoratio elenchi," "begging the question," and in a word, exactly the very things that "martyrs to obscurantism and prejudice" were taught to abhor.

So I venture a kindly suggestion. Why condescend to offer argument at all? Why not boldly lay claim to infallibility, and issue some majestic manifesto which should extinguish psychical inquiry once and for all? As I shall hint later on, they tacitly assume the possession of omniscience—why be content with half-measures? Let them arrogate it without delay before some other "brilliant thinker" occupies the field. "Do it now!" There is precedent for such a course. How beautifully did dear old Gorgias of Leontini expound the

Universe. "Nothing exists! If it did exist it could not be known! If it could be known it could not be taught! If it could be taught it is only myself that could teach it!" (The last sentence is, I fear, an interpolation.) What noble simplicity! Surely some modern Gorgias will presently appear and proclaim, "No spirit-world exists. If it did exist it could not be known. If it could be known it is to me you would have to come for information."

As an alternative our critics might have procured the repeal of the Laws of Thought before commencing their campaign. The cry of "No Logic" would have been as popular as that of "No Spookery"—see the political Press *passim*. As they have failed to adopt such a statesman-like policy, I shall follow the precedent set by our paternal Government in its action against the clairvoyantes. I shall revive certain ancient statutes, long fallen into disrepute among "thinkers," but still standing unrepealed, and studied—of course simply as curiosities—by candidates for Pass Moderations. And under these statutes I shall attempt to procure a conviction. Perhaps I may be allowed the use of a little of the technical jargon of the schools; it has its advantages for an "obscurantist" like myself, and certainly is not destitute of humour.

(To be continued.)

THE PSYCHIC ROD THEORY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE, WESTON VICARAGE,
NEAR OTLEY, YORKS.

Dr. Crawford says that this theory of his is now established. It may be established as an explanation of one method used by spirits in order to apply force to grosser material objects. It may cover the ground as one explanation of the phenomena of telekinesis. If this should prove to be the case it will correspond exactly with the normal human employment of a rod or stick to push or lift material objects. Something of this has been already inferred by other observers who have experimented with Mlle. Tonaczky. It is obvious, however, that this theory covers only part of the ground. Just as human beings in the mortal body can employ other methods of applying force than pushing or lifting with a rod, so spirits in the more tenuous spirit body can likewise employ other methods. There theory has its limits and will need careful definition and application, as is very evident from a study of the records of numerous observers. In my own house we have had evidence as far back as 1910-11 of the conveying of articles across the room in broad daylight on a long wisp of white cloud distinctly visible as illustrating indirect action and the psychic rod theory perfect. In the same years, in presence of numerous witnesses, many phenomena were observed in daylight and strong lamplight which clearly showed the employment of other methods. Spirits were seen to pick up articles and carry them some distance leaving the objects displaced. These cases were reported by Mr. Baggally, of the S.P.R. Crookes gives similar instances proving direct action. Dr. Crawford says that he pays little attention to clairvoyance, and by implication he describes it as "imaginative." In this he errs. It is the duty of an investigator to use all the means at his disposal.

The experimental method is not confined to mechanics. The reality of clairvoyance has been proved scientifically by the experimental method, especially by the photograph taken in my house on December 20th, 1915, also by the numerous verifications of personal descriptions, information, and forecast of future events given by means of clairvoyance both in my own house and elsewhere. Clairvoyance has been proved, and can be proved, to be as real as levitation, and as definitely amenable to the experimental method, while it is vastly more important. The weak point in Dr. Crawford's latest weighing experiment is instantly apparent, and has been pointed out by Mr. Yardley. Obviously it is impossible to tell whether the apparent restoration of weight was due to invisible matter placed upon the scale, or returned to the medium's body, or, as I would further remark, to force applied to the platform of the weighing machine. A separate scale is needed, and more evidence along other lines.

It is very desirable that additional verification of the experiment be obtained by methods which will readily occur to the investigator prepared to use all the means at his disposal.

ORTHODOX SCIENCE AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."

THE VIEWS OF MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

The case for the claim of Spiritualism on orthodox science to have its facts and phenomena investigated in a dispassionate and scientific spirit, free from prejudice and dogmatism, has seldom, if ever, been stated more convincingly than it is in the brilliant article under the above title, which Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson contributes to the current number of the "Fortnightly Review." The position of orthodox science is to him sufficiently intelligible—it can recognise through its instruments nothing but the body: its attitude is purely agnostic—but that position should, he holds, be coupled with a proviso that its professors should not refuse to consider evidence which might open up a new region of investigation. So far, it anchors itself on Monism and refuses to budge. While in regard to occult phenomena there has been a definite improvement of late years in the attitude of science as represented by its leading exponents, that of the orthodox man of science is, as a rule, one of contemptuous indifference; in effect, agnosticism becomes merely dogmatism.

There is still, says Mr. Watson, a considerable school of thinkers who adhere to the old theory of "accidental" origin as an explanation of cosmic phenomena, but it would be unwise to accept that theory before considering its alternative. It may be that the origin of the universe is to be sought in some form of Intelligence, and this Intelligence may be beneficent, malevolent, or indifferent as regards its concern with human beings. Looking back upon the course of ages and beyond that to the story of the earth as recorded in its dust it is difficult to associate the gradual evolution of created things with a malevolent design. "The history of the world is one of dynamic progress from an insensitive welter to an orderly social and intelligent organisation," and "the ethical sense has indisputably grown until as from some Pisgah height great spirits can discover the dawn of a beautiful world such as dreamers have imagined and shadowed forth."

On the other hand, if we cannot accept the theory of malevolence it is equally impossible to entertain that of indifference. "An indifferent God would be tantamount to a malevolent God."

If there is no design in the universe, if there is no purpose but only mechanical motion, God is conceivable only as a maniacal child building up ceaselessly new worlds with creatures capable of infinite pain and then destroying them to continue the awful game into eternity. . . . It is easier, then, to believe in an unknown God working to a beneficent end than in either a malevolent or an indifferent Deity. But if there is no proof of it our belief must remain a vague faith, an aspiration. We shall never achieve real conviction without direct evidence. The fact of survival must, in short, be attested by similar means to those which prove any other fact of knowledge. There is no other way of establishing the duality of life and thus the beneficence of the Great Scheme.

On the question of how far the action of the subliminal consciousness explains supernormal happenings, Mr. Watson admits that many phenomena attributed to spiritual intervention are thus explicable, and consequently that it is extremely unwise to accept phenomena at their face value. Fortunately, however, there has arisen of recent years a school of scientific men who show no prejudice against the investigation of psychical phenomena. Mr. Watson enumerates several well-known names of men who have undertaken such study, and have as a consequence accepted the explanation that the phenomena they have examined are due to the action of human beings on the other side of existence. He pays a tribute to the initiatory work of the members of the English Society for Psychical Research, especially of F. W. H. Myers, and also commends the later labours of that Society, as well as of the American S.P.R. and its head, Dr. Hyslop. Their best work, perhaps, is, he thinks, that they have made it possible for people with scientific methods to associate themselves with the investigation. Treating of the evidence for materialisation, he quotes from the "Annals of Psychical Science" for 1907

the following account by Dr. Joseph Venzano, of Genoa, of a séance at which he was present with four others. It was held on December 20th, 1900, in the rooms of the Minerva Club, Genoa, and the medium was Eusapia Paladino.

In spite of the dimness of the light, I could distinctly see Mme. Paladino and my fellow-sitters. Suddenly I perceived that behind me was a form, fairly tall, which was leaning its head on my left shoulder and sobbing violently, so that those present could hear the sobs; it kissed me repeatedly. I clearly perceived the outlines of this face, which touched my own, and I felt the very fine and abundant hair in contact with my left cheek, so that I could be quite sure that it was a woman. The table then began to move, and by typology [*i.e.*, rappings] gave the name of a close family connection who was known to no one present except myself. She had died some time before, and on account of incompatibility of temperament there had been serious disagreements with her. I was so far from expecting this typological response that I at first thought that this was a case of coincidence of name; but whilst I was mentally forming this reflection I felt a mouth, with warm breath, touch my left ear and whisper, in a low voice in Genoese dialect, a succession of sentences, the murmur of which was audible to the sitters. These sentences were broken by bursts of weeping, and their gist was to repeatedly implore pardon for injuries done to me, with a fulness of detail connected with family affairs which could only be known to the person in question. The phenomenon seemed so real that I felt compelled to reply to the excuses offered me with expressions of affection, and to ask pardon in my turn if my resentment of the wrongs referred to had been excessive. But I had scarcely uttered the first syllables when two hands, with exquisite delicacy, applied themselves to my lips and prevented my continuing. The form then said to me, "Thank you," embraced me, kissed me, and disappeared.

"This," remarks Mr. Watson, "is an instance among thousands which demand investigation and cannot be dismissed cursorily and contemptuously. It is obvious that a strong case has been made out for the investigation of the phenomena." He concludes by recommending two axioms which should control researches in these fields, "first, that nothing is impossible because it is incredible; second, that nothing should be accepted unless it is adequately proved. Simple, trite maxims, but they are in constant danger of being forgotten. The one guards from undue obstinacy, the other from credulity."

INSPIRATION NOT A THING OF THE PAST.—Those who truly realise the divine inspiration in mind and soul know that this day and every day is a Day of Pentecost for the inbreathing of the Spirit, giving us deeper insight, stronger aspiration, and richer, more solemn, more beautiful feelings and affections. We cannot strike a greater blow at religion than to act as though the heavenly vision were no longer given to man and no new conception of truth could burst on his soul like sunlight on the hills. Let heaven see in us something akin to itself. Let us to-day, and every day, open our souls to the divine influence and so live that every breath may be as the breath of God.—DR. JOHN HUNTER.

THE ETHER.—When Science could not account for the pull of the sun on the earth, or the passing of light from sun to earth, on any theory based on the known structure of the universe, she hypothesized another form of matter, and called it "cosmic ether." On this ether she employed her highest powers of analysis. Pierce has shown that it is a million times as elastic as steel. Thomson has shown that a cubic mile of this ether would weigh only one thousand millionth of a pound. Herschel has shown that an amount equal in weight to a cubic inch of air would press outward with a force equal to seventeen billion pounds. It pervades all things. It fills all space. It is an infinite, tremulous ocean, which islands the constellations as the Pacific islands a reef, and through every cubic inch of space it holds the potency of a force equal to seventeen billion pounds. To account for the universe as revealed to the touch, the ear, and the eye, science must hypothesize such an unseen universe. One of the imperial thinkers of the race, forerunning the demonstrations of science, asserted the existence of an invisible material universe, and said, "I am much inclined to assert the existence of invisible beings in this universe, and to classify my own soul among them." This was Kant. Now science stands as to man where she stood as to the physical universe before the demonstration of this finer realm of matter. The universe, with its display of forces, could not be explained by its tangible, visible, audible body. No more can man be explained by his tangible and visible body.

PSYCHOTHERAPY AND ITS CONVERTS.

We welcome as a sign of progress the leading article on "Psychotherapy" which appeared in the "Liverpool Daily Post" of the 28th ult., particularly as we are informed that that journal has hitherto shown itself entirely opposed to anything in the nature of psychic work or investigation, condemning men like Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett and the late Dr. A. Russel Wallace for being sufficiently ill-advised to interest themselves in a subject so unworthy of serious attention. But an eminent surgeon, Sir Robert Jones, has lately given his countenance to the employment of hypnotic influence in the treatment of disease—a fact which may account to some extent for the editorial *volte face*. Beginning by noting the great antiquity of the scientific endeavour to alleviate and to cure the suffering of the body through the influence of the mind, the writer alludes to one drawback which attended the progress of scientific medicine towards the end of last century:—

Under the influence of blind materialism the doctor got to know a great deal about the nature and symptoms of diseases, and remarkably little of the means of curing them. Even to the present moment the science of medicine remains purely empirical. The physician knows from long observation that if he administers certain drugs certain results are likely to follow. But why or how those results are caused he has not the faintest idea.

It is probably the recognition of these limitations that has engendered a more tolerant frame of mind in the profession, which now does not always ban as quackery remedies which cannot be enclosed in a pill-box or defined in the British Pharmacopœia. For instance, in his Harveian Oration, in 1909, Dr. G. H. Savage said: "The investigation of hypnotism is a thing that should not be ignored in England. When the other nations are carefully investigating the physiology and the therapeutic value of this potent influence, it is certainly rather a pity that England should be in the background." And in Dr. Calwell's standard "Text-book of Medical Treatment" we read: "Of all the weapons that we may use in the fight against insanity, one of the most powerful has been supplied by modern psychology. That weapon is the doctrine of the subconscious self. The subconscious may be defined as that part of our mental life which lies outside the field of normal consciousness, and is, therefore, not perceived by the latter. It is this larger area of the subconscious that is the home of everything that is latent—the secret source of loves and hates, of habits and prejudices, the abode of lapsed memories, and of impressions stored up from earliest childhood." In a later paragraph Dr. Calwell defines insanity as "an irruption of subconscious forces into consciousness, and the interpretation of those experiences in terms of these forces," and in recommending the therapeutic employment of hypnotism he quotes with approval Janet's dictum that "there is no physiological function which is exempt from modifications by hypnotic influence, if not completely controlled by it." We have travelled far from the days when we dismissed Mesmer—a fully-qualified doctor, by the way—as a money-making mountebank, and nearly as far from the time when we laughed at F. W. H. Myers for talking to us about the "subliminal consciousness." Hypnotism and the subconscious mind, at any rate, are to be accepted as matters of scientific demonstration.

But in our determination to be scientific we have, according to Dr. Bernard Hollander, taken the wrong turning with regard to hypnotism. In our time the method of suggestion has been almost universally adopted, and this method yields none of the more mysterious results, such as clairvoyance, which were plentifully recorded by practitioners of an earlier day, who used other methods of inducing hypnosis. Most persons will say: "Bosh; clairvoyance is a superstitious delusion!" Perhaps it is; but the committee of the Royal Academy of Medicine of France in 1831 did not think so, for they reported that they were convinced of the existence of "new faculties called clairvoyance, intuition, and internal prevision" which could be called into activity by hypnotism. The subject of telepathy, too, should give the sceptic pause, for that has been, perhaps grudgingly, accepted by most of the mandarins of science.

Mrs. Wesley, writing to her son Samuel, said: "I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us, did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it."

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1887.)

One of the earliest numbers of "The Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph" [this periodical, which ran from April, 1855, to June, 1857, was the first to be published in this country in the interests of our movement] contains a good case of spirit identity. At a circle, a person—a confirmed smoker—applied to the spirits for a remedy for a very severe pain in the side, and one Dr. Thornley, communicating, gave advice. He stated that he had lived at Newton Heath, and that he died eight years before. It is not important to record the prescription, which was, in effect, to abandon smoking. It was effective. On application made to "a respectable firm at Newton Heath," it was stated, "There was a Dr. Thornley living here who died about the time you name, and who from our knowledge of him would have done such a thing as is named." Next day another letter arrived saying that the first letter had been written under the impression that the advice had been given during the doctor's lifetime, and "they concluded that someone must have known the doctor's disposition and habits." This leads to a solemn declaration that "not a single individual in the room at that time had any knowledge whatever of such a person." This is a fair example of a vast number of cases within the experience of a vast number of Spiritualists. And in the face of them where are the conjuring and kindred hypotheses? I am ashamed to have to repeat the same wearying utterance, but the cause for it remains. And I have been led into this vein of thought just now by finding how in these ancient records there was always somebody with some nostrum that was to explain everything, and really did explain nothing except counterfeit manifestations which, if left alone, soon explain themselves.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Attack on Mrs. Wriedt.

SIR,—Mr. C. W. Lane's attack on Mrs. Wriedt in "The Weekly Tatler," of Montreal, to which you allude in *Light*, p. 274, is not only a reflection on that lady herself, but also on the probity and intelligence of those who have given their testimony to the reality of her remarkable psychic faculty and the genuineness of the phenomena occurring in her presence. I have had one sitting with Mrs. Wriedt, the account of which is given by Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore in "The Voices" on p. 77 *et seq.* On that occasion I heard two voices speaking simultaneously with Mrs. Wriedt, and they were not the voices of any of the sitters. If this was the result of trickery, it would be interesting to have Mr. Lane's theory as to how it was done. There were seven of us present and I think we should each be ready to certify that we were quite satisfied with the personal character and intelligence of our companions. I do not think we could have been easily duped if trickery were rampant, least of all Vice-Admiral Moore, to whom for his careful and discriminating work in this matter I, for one, shall ever be grateful. As to Mrs. Wriedt herself, I feel sure that those who have met her will be ready, as I myself am, to say that Mr. Lane's description of her, with its rather cynical implications as to her character, is not true. I suggest that Mr. Lane, or anyone else who attributes the phenomena of "The Voices" to trickery, be given an opportunity of demonstrating his theory in practice in the presence of competent witnesses.—Yours, &c.,

G. VALE OWEN.

Orford Vicarage, Warrington.

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We always find that growth is gradual; a crisis may seem to produce a sudden change, but the change is always found to be the result of a gradual process which has been preparing the inner relations to adjust themselves to the outer. . . . It is therefore quite in accordance with reason and with God's ways that we should find that the event of death does not, of itself, make truth obvious and inform the soul that has been ignorant.—"Objections to Spiritualism Answered," by H. A. DALLAS.

Light:



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No. 1,916.—Vol. XXXVII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1917. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.
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No. 1,916.—Vol. XXXVII. [Registered as] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1917. [a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

The subject of fairies crops up from time to time in discussions on the nature and variety of spiritual existences. Some persons maintain that there are actually beings which answer to the legendary ideas of fairies, gnomes and pixies. Others as strongly contend that these notions represent only the poetical and romantic side of the activities of human spirits. In an article on "Views and Fairies," in a recent issue of the "Times (Literary Supplement)," the writer alludes to the fact that in ancient days fairies were held to be of human stature ("as tall as we are"), but that there came about, for no easily assignable reason, a progressive shrinkage of size. From a race that could, according to an ancient Irish poem, assist their earthly friends in battle, and who were "melodious in the ale-house, masterly at making songs, skilled at playing chess," they dwindled to a "whimsical littleness." Some students of psychical science find an explanation of the diminutive size in the fact that clairvoyants occasionally see spirits on a minute scale, as though through the "wrong end of a telescope." We know, of course, that such matter-of-fact explanations as that fairies are really human spirits "writ small," or that the ideas concerning them are based on varieties of clairvoyant experience by those utterly ignorant of the science of the subject, are distasteful to persons of romantic mind; but they give us a certain solid ground for our surmises. We know that human spirits exist: we have nothing but speculation concerning fairies.

* * * *

The "Times" writer offers some philosophical reflections on the question which are worth quoting. The fairy legends, he thinks, represent certain human ideals of perfection, of heroism, of poetry and romance. They—
aesthetically express a certain balance between what we "know" and the possibilities we like to "imagine"—between perception and conception. Romanticism is the destruction of that balance in favour of conception. It is, in whatever form it may appear, a withdrawal of reliance from outer experience in order to ground all its reliance on inner experience; for this, it feels, is incomparably more direct communication with truth than outer experience. For a romantic, then, the conception of a fairy is the receiving of authentic information about some kind of reality that is beyond human reality and superior to it; which is, moreover, inexpressible save with symbolic vagueness, for, alas! expression is at the mercy of perception. And what is true of romantic fairies is true of romanticism in general; the possibilities of conception are not simply real in so far as they do exist in conception, they are motions of the mind and spirit under the influence of absolute truth. Hence retreat from actuality; and hence, too, delighted concentration on the fortress of the interior with its unknown, infallible general.

This takes us into deep waters, and yet, since truth is

a duality, does not in any way weaken our hold on objective fact. For even when, for instance, we deal with man himself we can regard him at once as a fact in Nature and as an idea or principle in the Divine mind. We must make "outer experience" and "inner experience" balance. It is the concentration on one to the exclusion of the other which is such a fruitful source of disputation and denial. Imaginations and facts, dreams and deeds, are very closely allied; indeed, they are the inner and outer aspects of the same thing.

* * * *

A friend, a clear-headed practical man—he is an engineer with some excellent work to his credit—once defended the resort to methods of divination for the solution of material problems on the ground that man was entitled to take advantage of every legitimate means of overcoming his difficulties. Our reply was that, setting aside the question of what is or is not legitimate, the resort to occult means for obtaining information on mundane matters was rarely justified by results. We were leaving the beaten paths of reasonable assurance for the more tempting "short cuts" which generally land the inquirer in a morass. On one occasion, at a meeting of people assembled in the pursuit of psychic knowledge, we encountered a lady who, mistaking the objects of the meeting, had come with the idea that she would be able to get advice concerning a law suit in which she was interested. She was a little mortified when the conductor of the meeting suggested that the question might be more appropriately put to a lawyer. But that was clearly a counsel of common-sense. There are many people who, intent on making fortunes, have come to disaster by relying on advice purporting to come from the spirit side—"tips from the land of Nod," as a cynical acquaintance of ours described them. Whatever may be the developments of the future regarding communication between the two worlds, one thing is clear at present. We are in this world to rely on our own resources, and to keep the conduct of our worldly affairs as far as possible in our own hands. Only as a last emergency should we go, on such questions, to those beyond the veil. It is, indeed, very doubtful, generally speaking, whether they are able to help us in these matters as efficiently as we can help ourselves. There are exceptions, of course. We recall the case of Amanda Jones, the American poetess, who was ably assisted in her affairs by a lawyer on "the other side." But we also recall that the remarkable instances of his aid in drawing legal documents were in connection with a work designed to be of use to the world at large and not a mere personal matter.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

Viscountess Molesworth writes:—

I think "Victor's" idea of a "Defence Bureau" is good, if those who undertake the work will do so in a spirit of love and forbearance. There should be no controversial bitterness, such as has marred the history of the Churches, since Christ came to preach peace and goodwill towards men.

GHOSTLY VISITANTS: SOME INSTANCES AND EXPERIENCES.

By E. A. EMERSON.

Of late years the subject of spirit intercourse has grown to vast proportions; its facts are established and its propaganda extends to the four corners of the earth. In the issue of *LIGHT* of March 10th (p. 79), a few of the long list of "family omens" were recorded. There could have been added to these the story of the little "brown lady" attired in a riding habit, who (according to tradition) in the month of September haunts the courtyard and corridors of a historic residence in Norfolk, the seat of a certain noble family. Those who are acquainted with the story will be able to identify the place.

Many parts of the Eastern counties are rich in spirit-lore, and the writer is acquainted with some verified instances, which cannot be classified as mere tradition. Some years ago, a man and his only child, a little fair-haired girl of seven, lodged with a widow whose husband had been sexton of the parish church. One day the man (Nicholls by name) was brought home dead, having been accidentally killed. After the burial, Mrs. R—, the sexton's widow, saw, one night, the apparition of the dead man, and communicated the fact to a neighbour, who was a devout believer in Spiritualism. The latter told the woman what to say should the spirit-form pay her another visit. The same night the woman retired to rest as usual, and the orphan girl shared her apartment. Soon the spirit-form again appeared. Addressing him somewhat nervously the woman said: "Spirit, if that thou art, what troubles thee?" She vowed afterwards that she distinctly heard a faint voice murmur "The child," and that the form thereupon immediately vanished.

Some months ago an "unbelieving" friend of mine visited a public hall where clairvoyants were giving illustrations of their powers. One of them, addressing my friend, stated that he saw in connection with him "a large barn, and two lads toppling over trusses of hay and disporting themselves on heaps of corn." Presently one of the lads vanished and the scene was changed. "I see," the clairvoyant continued, "a large river in India, and a short distance away a mound and a cross." My friend made light of the matter, said it was "all rot and rubbish," and the assembly broke up. A week or so later he was scanning the local paper, when he came on a paragraph concerning the passing hence of an old schoolfellow who had died in India, and was buried near the banks of the river Ganges. That was the river the clairvoyant saw; he remembered the old barn and the sport among the hay, and he now "believes."

When a boy at school, at an old town in mid-Norfolk, I slept in a small room which was narrow but exceedingly lofty. The schoolhouse was a structure of the Cromwellian period, and at some time in its history had been a baronial manor. My room was wainscotted in parts, and scantily furnished, and I was compelled to retire at 8.30, but I never slept until I had received what I called my "ghostly visitation."

Usually about half-past eleven something stalked clumsily into my bedroom, seemingly poured water from the ewer into the hand-basin (I could hear the splash) and then made an equally clumsy exit. This went on nightly for over a year. I could often discover the form of a man, and on one occasion he appeared to lie across my feet, a dead weight which was far from pleasant. Being in the district recently, I determined, if possible, to discover the identity of my nocturnal intruder of other days. The old place is still standing, and is now used as a kind of technical institute. I sought out the principal, and finally obtained permission to occupy my former sleeping apartment. Apparently nobody else had ever heard of these disturbances.

After an anxious vigil of some three or four hours, I imagined I heard a door open (I had, as a measure of precaution, locked both doors opening into my narrow cell, one from the corridor and the other from an adjacent apartment). As far as I could judge it was about one o'clock. Yes, the door *did* open now from the adjoining room. Again, as of yore, I heard the thud of heavy feet, the shaking jug, the splashing water.

Now was my chance. I proceeded to hold a strict seclusion séance, and quickly found out all I wanted to know. I learned that my visitor had occupied that identical room, that he was a chief mate on a large ship in the merchant service, was drowned off the West Coast of Africa, but the exact I could not determine. He had come back to the place he loved so well, the romantic neighbourhood of his youth, to communicate with any sympathetic individual who had sufficient psychic intelligence to understand the mysterious manifestations by which he sought to attract attention to his presence.

VISIONS OF THE BLIND.

A NOTE ON DREAM-LIFE.

The following story of a dream is sent to us by a lady correspondent as having been dictated to her by a blind man, Mr. Alfred Russell, who lost his sight twenty years ago. We are induced to print it not only as affording an insight into the mental life of a sightless man, but also because there is a valuable hint in the statement that he discovered the power to control his dreams—a power which may be acquired by some of those whose night visions are ugly or painful:—

In my dream I found myself in some underground passages, in utter darkness and amid sulphurous vapours. Everywhere that I turned the same thing met me. I was rushing in every possible direction, but only found pitch darkness. Occasionally in the far distance I saw a light, hastened towards it, and it seemed days before I had nearly reached it, running all the time. When at last I seemed to have done so, it disappeared, and only stronger vapours of sulphur, worse darkness, came in its place.

I retraced my footsteps and the same thing happened. Another light, and once more the same long tedious journey towards it, with, alas! the same result, and yet deeper darkness.

Being entirely alone in what appeared to be a stretch of some hundreds of miles of intense horror of despair, suddenly I seemed to collect myself and think—Is there no help out of this? An inspiration caused me to think of the Invisible Spirit of God being All in All, and I exclaimed aloud: "Lord, help me."

I had scarcely uttered the words when the scene changed into one of beauty. I was in the most lovely gardens possible for man to behold. The sun was shining, the birds singing, beautiful flowers and trees burst upon my sight, and also people, most happy-looking people, were all around me. They were heavenly looking, with an air of control and peace about them. I then awoke, but never to forget my night's experience. And now, should I ever have a troublous dream, I have the power, even though asleep, to say, "Lord, help me," and the scene immediately becomes something pleasant or else I awake from those things which are not into those which are.

These experiences seem to show me that such dreams, as well as all untoward things that happen to us when awake, are frequently brought on by some erroneous thought or fear, perhaps caused by our environment, or lack of knowledge.

In my long hours of leisure I have thought of all God's beautiful gifts, and have tried in vain to discover anything that was created "bad." Even a stone will give food for thought, even the atmosphere we inhale is wonderful and beautiful. When we consider that the trees and flowers, the birds and beasts, even the fish in the sea, and all mankind depend entirely upon it for their life, does it not show forth the real unity and oneness with God? He does not give one kind of air to the trees, another to the birds and beasts, and again another for man. We may live for weeks perhaps without food, but not for two minutes without God's breath, which contains more wonders in its invisibility than man can ever fathom.

Though in my nightmare the sulphurous fumes existed only in imagination, thank God the fine air we breathe is a reality, and given abundantly to all. And, if taken freely, breathed in through the nostrils, always keeping the mouth closed, and holding the air in the lungs as long as possible, then exhaling it through the nostrils also, the reader will soon find the greatest benefit from this exercise. By this simple means, perseveringly practised, he is filled with invisible power and life, and the benefits both in body and soul are amazing.

A VERY striking case of the parents of a young man killed in battle obtaining convincing evidences of his survival appears in the October "London Magazine." We propose to deal with the story more fully next week.

SIR OLIVER LODGE AND DR. MERCIER.

A conspicuous feature in "The Sunday Times" of Sunday last is the reply by Sir Oliver Lodge to Dr. Mercier's criticism. It is quiet and restrained but singularly effective in exposing the hollowness of Dr. Mercier's pretensions to be an authority on the subject of Psychological Research. The weakness of the critic's arguments is laid bare. Example after example of his lack of accuracy in his statements is exposed, and his claims to be a logician shrivel up in the process. Quoting Dr. Mercier's remark—

Once a man's vanity, or to put it more gently, his self-respect, is engaged in the maintenance of an opinion, we shall seek in vain to shake it,

Sir Oliver observes with delicate irony, "I hope not quite in vain, but it is always rash to express a decided opinion on a basis of insufficient study."

Of another rash statement by his critic Sir Oliver gently observes, "That this is untrue appears to be of no consequence: it sounds well."

He must be a thick-skinned person indeed who could endure such a severe castigation in the Press without wincing. It is administered without any trace of heat or animosity. The analysis of the critic's methods is dignified but destructive, quiet but deadly. The moral is very obvious. For a man, however highly he may rate his own capacity as a critic, to rush into a controversy on a subject concerning which he has only a smattering of ill-digested information, is to invite a humiliating result to himself.

Sir Oliver thus summarises the general position in his concluding remarks:—

And now, before closing, let me ask your readers to consider what all this controversy is about. Certain scientific men have studied a certain subject and make careful and deliberate statements about it. They do not thereby show that they are specially afflicted with the missionary spirit; they are doing their plain duty in recording observations.

To them enter certain critics who have not previously studied the subject and pronounce that the statements and inferences are all wrong, are almost lunatic.

The simplest plan under these circumstances is for the scientific investigators to hold their peace and let the novice's mistake be discovered by further experience. For the things asserted are not in the past, but in the present; the record of the past only opens the question, and makes further investigation necessary.

If the world once more determines that it will not have these odd outstanding phenomena carefully examined, but prefers to let long-established prejudice decide against them, then the world must remain in ignorance and continue the superstition of many centuries. If it really wants to know the truth, it will gradually examine these matters for itself, and will not turn a deaf ear to those cautious and responsible persons who report in their favour.

The correspondence on the subject is continued in another part of the journal. At least one of the critics thinks it sufficient to quote cases of harm alleged to have been caused by pursuing the subject. It is apparently a matter of no consequence to him that an infinitely graver indictment on these lines could be preferred against any science or any religion, indeed any thing and every thing. Spiritualism is too vast and vital a matter not to have its dangers—for the foolish and vicious. It would be strange if it were not so. The idea that a new science shall combine the comforting qualities of a soothing syrup with the ease and safety of a feather bed is hardly one that would enter the mind of a person of healthy intelligence.

THE WEAKEST LIVING CREATURE, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. —CARLYLE.

WHERE SCIENCE FAILS.—Science fails to account for life and mind, as it fails to account for matter; science observes, but is powerless to explain. As force differentiates ether into electrons to form atoms and matter, so a higher force aggregates atoms to form protoplasm and brain-substance, and a still higher manifestation of force is able to utilise brain-substance to display consciousness, with all its results. But brain-substance is only the instrument: life and consciousness themselves are beyond all accident of material manifestation. —J. B. S.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF OCTOBER 1ST, 1887.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S INSPIRATIONS.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is now in America and has fallen a victim to the ubiquitous interviewer. It is interesting to note the origin of his inspirations. He thinks it is always "I who am inventing." We wonder how he knows that. The following account of the interview, so far as it concerns this point, will be found interesting. We extract it from the "Pall Mall Gazette":—

"There is a great difference of opinion as to what suggested your works, particularly 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' and 'Deacon Brodie.'"

"Well, this has never been properly told. On one occasion I was very hard-up for money, and I felt that I had to do something. I thought and thought and tried hard to find a subject to write about. At night I dreamed the story, not precisely as it is written, for, of course, there are always stupidities in dreams, but practically it came to me as a gift, and what makes it appear more odd is that I am quite in the habit of dreaming stories. Thus, not long ago, I dreamed the story of 'Olalla,' which appeared in my volume of 'The Merry Men,' and I have at the present moment two unwritten stories which I likewise dreamed. The fact is that I am so much in the habit of making stories that I go on making them while asleep quite as hard, apparently, as when I am awake. They sometimes come to me in the form of nightmares, in so far that they make me cry out aloud. But I am never deceived by them. Even when fast asleep I know that it is I who am inventing, and when I cry out it is with gratification to know that the story is so good. So soon as I awake, and it always awakens me when I get on a good thing, I set to work and put it together.

"For instance, all I dreamed about Dr. Jekyll was that one man was being pressed into a cabinet, when he swallowed a drug and changed into another being. I awoke, and said at once that I had found the missing link for which I had been looking so long, and before I again went to sleep almost every detail of the story, as it stands, was clear to me. Of course, writing it was another thing."

PORTENTS IN THE SKY.

IN LIGHT of the 25th ult. we quoted an account of the appearance of angelic forms in the sky witnessed at the little riverside town of Grays, in Essex. Similar apparitions were recently declared to have appeared at Waltham Abbey. According to the "Daily News," many people claim to have seen them on the night of the 17th inst. hovering over the tower of the ancient Abbey church.

The story-tellers even go into details. There were two angels, both of female form. For a moment they paused on the church tower, unfurled a scroll bearing in letters of fire the one word "Peace," and then mysteriously disappeared. It may have something to do with the genesis of the story that traditionally angels have a close association with Waltham Abbey. The central device of the coat of arms of the town is a cross supported by two angels. The cross typifies the crucifix which legend says was discovered in Somerset following on a vision of angels. Guarded by angels, this crucifix was miraculously conveyed to Waltham—sixty sufferers being healed of their infirmities by its virtue—and erected on the first parish church of Waltham, which stood on the site now occupied by Harold's historic minster.

In the "Evening News," Mr. Arthur Machen (whom the "Star" in a comic article on angels described as the inventor of the "Angels of Mons"), while finding no basis of fact for the reported apparitions, thinks it necessary to make the following protest:—

... It should not be necessary to say what follows, but experience has taught me that it is necessary. I should like to point out that I have not been jeering at angels. I am so much "on the side of the angels" that I have little patience with those who circulate inept fables about them.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.—As a rule the higher and more spiritual the content of the messages the less palpable and material is their manifestation.—"On the Threshold of the Unseen," by SIR WILLIAM BARRETT, F.R.S.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1917.

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of *Light*, 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. 2. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. F. W. South, Office of *Light*, to whom Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable.

Subscription Rates.—*Light* may be had free by post on the following terms:—Twelve months, 10s. 10d.; six months, 5s. 5d. Payments must be made in advance. To United States, 2dol. 70c. To France, Italy, &c., 13 francs 86 centimes.

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd., 31, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. 4, and *Light* can be ordered through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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INSTEAD OF A LEADER.

A ROMANCE AND A FABLE.

THE BELEAGUERED CASTLE.

Ages ago a great Castle was sorely beleaguered by strong enemies, and its Prince was besought by some of his Knights that he should surrender, so hard were they beset. But Lancelot, the Prince's Jester, counselled otherwise, for when looking from the Battlements he vowed he had seen in the distance gleams of light from the lances of an Army coming to their Rescue. But his report was treated with scorn by some of the Captains, who declared that the glinting was merely the Reflection of the sun on the waters or the flashing of the leaves on the Trees. The learned clerks of the Prince were of the same Opinion and drew on their parchments skilful Designs showing how beams of Light acted on reflection from Surfaces. "Moreover," said they, "the bridge which spans the River between us and the Fortress of our Allies hath been destroyed, so how could they pass to us?" But the Fool held stoutly by his story, and the Prince, who was minded to fight on to the last, was mightily Perplexed, the more so that some of the men at arms believed in the Jester's tale, for he had most excellent eyesight, never having pored over Books. "It may be that he is right," said the Prince; "peradventure there is something in it," and he took counsel of Sir Topas, the priest. "Good my lord," quoth Sir Topas, "it may be that Heaven will work a miracle on our behalf and hath sent a Message by the mouth of this Fool. Let us abide the issue." But certain craven Knights, with the Scriveners and the Bookmen, were wroth with the Jester that his word should be so set above theirs. And they conspired privily to punish him as a Rogue and Deceiver, and contrived that he should be soundly beaten and afterwards shut up in a Foul Dungeon, which was done (for he would in no wise recant his opinion). Meantime the battle went sorely against the Besieged, for the soldiers began to lose heart when Lancelot was no longer there with his Vision of an Army of Deliverance, and when also they were told by their Captains and the clerkly men that he was a Cheat and Impostor who sought to cozen them with Illusions. Natheless divers of them who had seen the Lights, as it were, of lances and shields in the sun, continued to believe, and were made a mock of by the rest.

Soon the Besiegers waxed bold and made so mighty an Onslaught that the Prince again sought advice of the Priest who counselled that he should have faith. "Gramercy, sir Priest," cried the Prince, "my faith is well-nigh gone.

I stand now only on the seeing of my Fool; Heaven send he saw truly." And lo, even as he spoke, a trumpet sounded afar off, and the Enemy at the gates showed themselves to be in fear and confusion. And with that came the Spectacle of a host of Knights and men at arms riding towards the Castle and driving the Besiegers right and left as they advanced. Full soon the siege was raised, and when the Drawbridge was let down, Duke John, the leader of the Army of Deliverance, rode into the courtyard to meet the Prince. He told how the bridge across the river having been destroyed he and his Knights had, with their horses, swum the stream, and how that, to give a Signal of their coming, they had waved their lances and shields in the sun that haply the light might be seen by the defenders of the Castle.

"Truly," said the Prince, "some beheld the flashing lights, but only my Fool, Lancelot, read the meaning aright, which encouraged me to hold out, howbeit I put little faith in his report." "By the Mass," said the Duke, "a most excellent fool. He should be incontinently dubbed a Knight. Prithee where is he?" But as the false Knights and the clerks had slunk away full of shame and confusion, he could not at first be found. But anon his Dungeon was opened and he came forth nursing his sore bones. Very wroth was the Prince with those who had done this evil deed, but when he had made an end of his upbraiding, he accosted the Fool, saying, "Thou wert a true Seer and shalt have thy reward." "In good sooth, my lord," answered the Jester, making a wry mouth, "I have already had it, having received that which hath been the reward of all true Seers since the days of Adam."

"Thou hast well spoken," said the Prince, "but if it is the part of a true Seer to suffer wrong so it is also the part of a true man to tell forth what he sees without fear. And thou hast played the man. Arise, Sir Lancelot, and be the first of many Knights who shall strengthen a weak faith with a clear vision."

THE FLY ON THE CEILING.

A Fly which had been hatched in a Chimney Corner grew up so weak and ailing that he could not use his Wings so that all his Excursions were confined to a short walk on the Ceiling. From this Vantage Ground he surveyed the doings of the Human Beings below and cogitated deeply on the matter. "They are very Mighty Creatures," thought he, as he clung to the Ceiling and looked down upon them, "but they cannot be altogether Superior to me. I at least do not live in a World which is Upside Down."

D. G.

"LIGHT" MAINTENANCE AND ADVERTISEMENT COMPENSATION FUND.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the following further donation to this fund:—

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EXPERIENCES OF THE DYING.—"S. D." recalls the circumstances which attended the transition nearly two years ago of a dear daughter, aged eighteen. Breathing very softly she lay with her eyes closed, and just before the end, as the members of the family stood round the bed watching, they saw her face light up with a smile, as if she recognised someone whom she knew. During her illness she described several visions or dreams she had of beautiful scenery and flowers, and of Jesus holding out His hands to her and saying "Come." Twice she asked her mother whether she could not hear a woman's voice, a lovely voice, singing, and when her mother replied in the negative she said, "I wish you could." With the natural yearning of the mother heart, "S. D." adds: "I feel sure she is happy, but I do miss her. Oh, if I could only get a few words from her, as I am told in *Light* that some do from their loved ones!"

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS CRITICS: A CONTINUATION.

BY THE REV. ELLIS G. ROBERTS, M.A. (OXON.), ALBERBURY VICARAGE, SALOP.

(Continued from page 302.)

I have in a previous article (LIGHT, August 4th, p. 245) pointed out an offence against the law of *distribuas medium*. To argue that because insane people hear voices of a certain type therefore all people who hear such voices are insane, is a lovely specimen of the "undistributed middle term." The witchcraft argument is a *petitio principii* ("begging the question"). Its validity would depend on a major premise: "No witch possessed genuine supernormal powers." This would have to be proved by a very lengthy process of induction and extremely careful investigation of the phenomena of witchcraft in "different centuries and different countries"—not exactly a holiday task. Judges, juries, victims and disinterested public opinion in the witch-hunting ages were, on the whole, agreed to the contrary: the fact is not decisive, but it cannot be ignored—*calet quantum*. "No conjurer believes in Spiritualism." An error of observation, and a bad one. Without consulting books of reference, I could quote half a dozen instances to refute the statement. "Eusapia Paladino is a discredited witness." A false analogy, betraying very inaccurate thought. The relations between a barrister and a witness who has made a false statement is not the same as that which exists between a scientific Spiritualist and a medium once or twice detected in fraud. The barrister has to deal with the normal side and the moral character of his witness, who to him is a human individual: the Spiritualist has to deal with an abnormal power alleged to reside in the medium, who, to him, is not so much an individual as what Aristotle calls a "human instrument." A better analogy is that of an astronomer who has to use a defective telescope. He would be very glad to discard the instrument if he could obtain a more perfect one; if he cannot, then he must, so far as possible, ascertain its error, and allow for it in his calculations. The criticisms which have appeared on the alleged movements of the table at Mariemont are based upon a major premise which I must supply in order to make the reasoning clear. I do so, and present the following syllogism in "Camestres" of the second figure. "All-things-which-happen are within-the-comprehension of Brown, Jones and Robinson. This is not a thing-within-the-comprehension of Brown, Jones and Robinson. Therefore, this is not a thing-which-happens." The syllogism is perfect: all you have to do is to prove the major premise. "Natural" and "supernatural" are terms which need definition before they are used in a train of reasoning: too often they are merely "question-begging epithets." Now for arguments which come from a very distinguished quarter indeed. Mr. Clodd has, with characteristic delicacy, referred to certain things as "spurious drivel." There would seem to be some confusion here. Does he mean something which falsely claims to be drivel? His argument as to the "tainted atmosphere" alleged to have been the birthplace of modern Spiritualism may be treated in more ways than one. It may be a mere "ignoratio elenchi" avoiding the real issue. Or it may be meant to be taken seriously. If so then its validity would depend entirely upon an implied major premise: "No good thing can originate in a tainted atmosphere." This is a universal negative, technically known as E; a very imposing statement indeed. On this I bring to bear that nasty contradictory I which has demolished so many a pretentious E, and Mr. Clodd's "emphatic No" flies to pieces like a tiled roof under a Jack Johnson. Some good things, dear sir, originated in a "tainted atmosphere." Astrologers, seekers after the philosopher's stone, quack salvers of all descriptions are among the predecessors of our modern astronomers, chemists and doctors of medicine; "sorry rascals" indeed they too often were; sorrowful rascals, too, living in a "tainted atmosphere" under the shadow of the gallows: yet we owe much to the "sorry rascals": let us not grudge them some meed of honour: at any rate, *Requiescant in pace*. Religious freedom has found sturdy champions in atmospheres tainted by bigotry: political

freedom in atmospheres tainted by vice: poetry—but why enlarge? Really, Mr. Clodd, you should read a little history. And please don't use that nasty *argumentum ad hominem*, or rather, in this case, *ad feminam*; it is as futile as it is disgusting to assail the departed: it is a very contemptible cause indeed that cannot be defended without defiling dead women's graves.

My technical and obscurantist comments on the new reasoning are probably more interesting to myself than to the reader, and to continue them *seriatim* would be, even for an old professional fool-hunter, to make a toil of a pleasure. I therefore mark the papers submitted for correction with a "*non satis*," or, in undergraduate parlance, a "dead plough," and proceed to take a wider view of the situation. Others besides myself appear to be of opinion that Dr. Mercier and Mr. Clodd are disposed not so much seriously to examine the evidence as to assume that the evidence is not worth examination. The venue is therefore transferred from the court of Logic to the theatre of Pure Comedy, to which we accordingly proceed. Our critics take the pose of certain great ones who are competent, on their own authority, or an authority vested in themselves, to decide that the well-considered conclusions of some of the foremost scientists of the world, in a sphere which they have made their own, may be dismissed by a wave of the great one's hand. The humour of the situation may be presented in a line. The critics are Messrs. Mercier and Clodd. The criticised are Barrett, Lodge, Crookes and Wallace.

I shall, however, be told that our friends are pronouncing judgment, not in their individual capacity, but on the "authority of orthodox Science." Well, but who gave them this authority? And what is "orthodox Science"? Is there some secret conclave for whom the knowledge of all mysteries is reserved? Have the arcana of the universe really been committed once for all to a company of True Believers who are to dole them out through the hands of a "Knowledge Controller"? Verily, one might suppose it were so. Leaving Logic awhile, I shall rise on the wings of Fancy. I see the "Old Guard" assemble on the anniversary of some famous victory. I hear their acclamations as they pass once more those time-honoured resolutions by which they stand or fall. "Resolved: That knowledge is of the Scientists. Resolved: That we are the Scientists." For the erstwhile rebel against authority has now set up an authority of his own; against his orthodoxy no man may transgress; outside the limits of "Science as she was taught" there must be no rash excursions: "let there be no meanderings" is the order of the day. The attitude of the Rabbi of this orthodox Science towards the innovator in Physics or Psychology is that of a highly conscientious, painfully nervous grandmother towards a too enterprising infant for the nonce committed to her charge. He disturbs her afternoon slumbers with daring speculations which on a *priori* grounds she is compelled to condemn. He submits for her examination objects which have aroused in the discoverer a lively curiosity; but they are redolent of a "tainted atmosphere," and in all haste she rings for them to be thrown away; her treatment, in short, of this aspirant after unlawful knowledge may be illustrated by the injunction so often issued to the maids—"See what Master Tommy is doing, and tell him not to."

Are Spiritualists deceiving the people? The prosecution must call a different class of witness, for those already summoned "do not understand the nature of an oath." In plain language the critics do not realise the responsibility of the position they have volunteered to assume.

But mankind is not entirely composed of dogmatic pufflers, and there are many in serious perplexity as to this strange, and in some ways uncanny, phenomenon of Spiritualism. The question which they would ask is not, Are these tidings welcome? but simply, Are these things true? And the only way to find an answer is by testing the evidence according to scientific method, and considering the merits of alternative interpretations. The very fairest field of inquiry, at any rate for a preliminary step, will be that of physical phenomena, and especially the experiments still being conducted by Dr. Crawford at Belfast. It is one that offers comparatively simple problems for solution.

Whether a message received through a medium comes from an incarnate, or a discarnate personality, is often very difficult to determine. Whether or not a table actually rose from the floor under certain conditions is a much simpler one. If Dr. Crawford's statements are denied, then their contradictories—falseness or hallucination—must be clearly affirmed, not vaguely implied. And they must be scrutinised as severely as the statements themselves.

We shall find in our study of Spiritualism as a whole that, as in all the problems of life, we are driven to a choice of alternative explanations, or of some few different courses. Neither alternative may be wholly satisfactory: we must choose the better. Spiritualism is now a gigantic fact—of this there can be no doubt whatever. We must account for the fact, and two alternative explanations at once appear. The one is that the claims of Spiritualists are, in the main, true. This is by no means easy to accept, though its difficulties have been grossly exaggerated. They have been stated over and over again and I need not specify them.

The alternative is that the world is being invaded by Strong Delusion, and on this I must dwell, for it appears to have received no notice at all. Let me state it. The delusion is ubiquitous, and gains new victims every day. It enters the home, and turns intellectual, cultured, self-respecting ladies and gentlemen into Bedlamites, whose very sight and hearing are in abeyance—strong language, but not a whit too strong. It passes over the selfish and torpid, and takes captive the keen-witted and noble. It grips the eminently sane, eminently practical observer of mankind. It seizes alike on the college tutor and on the mechanic. It lays hold on the eminent judge who has spent year after year in balancing contradictory evidence. And, worst of all, it has now established its position in the very citadel of Reasoned Truth: in the laboratory or the workroom of the master of physical science, and wherever it goes it turns its victims into liars, lunatics, or fools. Strong language again, but not a whit too strong. They become deliberate liars, hopeless lunatics, or consummate fools. A man of unsullied honour, trained investigator into physics, skilled engineer to boot, conducts a hundred experiments, observing, measuring, weighing with all the precision of his craft. And all the while he is either acting the lie which presently he will impose upon the world, or he is being fooled by a simple girl who has never received a lesson in conjuring. She causes a table to rise from the floor under his hands; she causes noises to record themselves on the receiver in his presence, and he cannot detect the fraud. Another, and a still more experienced master of Science, is called in, and he is as helpless as the first. Similar experiments have been carried out before, and others may be proceeding now, but the result is the same. Everywhere the Princes of Intellect, in no smaller degree than their less distinguished brethren, are being fooled; "ignorance itself is a plummet over them": they are become fitting butts for the booby and the noodle: they can be criticised by Dr. Mercier and Mr. Clodd.

This is the alternative. To the thinker it is not an attractive one, for it breaks down all confidence in the reliability of evidence, and with that the hope of progress in knowledge. Its improbabilities are manifold. To invalidate the Belfast experiments alone we must assume a combination of factors each exceedingly unlikely in itself—the master of Science who is also a lunatic or a fool, the circle of high-principled men and women who are deceivers or deceived, the conscientious medium who is also a fraud; who is a first-rate conjurer though she has never received a lesson in *legerdemain*; who wastes skill that would make her fortune in the performance of tricks that are not even amusing; who in the joy-loving season of life devotes hour after hour and week after week to a monotonous routine of dull deception. The odds against such a combination must be very heavy indeed. Still, let the evidence for the alternative be produced and examined; only it must be evidence, not assumption; we shall not accept without scrutiny that certificate of lunacy which Dr. Mercier so light-heartedly signs: we "like not the security."

It is much to be deplored that in the conflict now raging between Spiritualism and its foes men are at present divided

by a "cross division." Christians join with so-called "Rationalists" in howling down "the necromancer of Birmingham"; Spiritualists, borrowing the foetid missiles of the "Rationalist," are exasperating progressive and friendly Christians by sarcasms anent "golden harps" and "tribal divinities." Let this petty internecine warfare cease. The broad issue for mankind lies not between those who hold varying beliefs as to the spiritual world, but between those who accept it and those who deny or ignore it. The issue is between Spiritualism in its widest sense, and—also in its widest sense—Materialism. Each has its beliefs—positive or negative—and from these beliefs, sooner or later, definite policies must proceed. The beliefs are contradictory—the policies are divergent.

Civilisation, the dwelling-place of mankind, is being swept by a cyclone of fire: and many of its stateliest edifices are crashing to the ground, and this is largely because, in their construction, incongruous elements, the material and the spiritual, were unadvisedly jumbled together. The "cloud-capped towers," the "gorgeous palaces," even the "solemn temples" were built of fabrics not only perishable but *incoherent*; they do not bind together, and the masonry falls to pieces under the beating of the blast. The materialist will endeavour to reconstruct his shattered home according to his own conceptions, and with what security and magnificence he may, for it is the only home he expects to know. He who has the wider vision, and cherishes the larger hope, may well content himself with a less imposing structure; he needs no temporal magnificence in what can never be an "abiding city," neither has he much to fear from external foe. His temporary dwelling need be but a tabernacle of rough-hewn beams; he reserves his masonry for the spiritual sphere, and on this he will labour diligently indeed, but without fret or impatience, for "he that believeth shall not make haste."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at last art free,

Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea.

MISLEADING MESSAGES: A POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

By PAX.

Viscountess Molesworth asks in your issue of the 15th inst. whether those on the other side always distinguish between the souls that wander in sleep and those that have actually left the body in death. I have been told several times that it is most difficult to distinguish the souls of the unconscious, or of the departing, from those of the so-called "dead" on account of the extreme fragility of the nexus or cord that binds spirit and body together. This is especially the case when any great shock produces unconsciousness—such as shell explosion or burial for the time under *débris*. A soldier posted as "missing" ten days ago was reported to me by my "guides" as "with us"—but now they tell me he was gassed and temporarily buried and is a prisoner.

On another occasion an old lady of ninety-four was notified as "passed away," but recovered—for a short time. On making inquiries from her family I found that, at the time my "friends" told me this, she was nearly dead, but most unfortunately, as it turned out, she was recalled to life by a favourite nephew's action. May I ask if Miss Hyde ever inquired if "Alec" had an accident producing unconsciousness at the time she received her message? Even in very heavy sleep under abnormal circumstances the soul sometimes resembles a freed one, and mistakes *do* occur on the "border-line," and we must face that fact.

"PRIVATE DOWDING."—That remarkable little book, "Private Dowding," described as "A plain Record of After Death Experiences of a Soldier Killed in Battle," is now in its second edition, the first edition having been exhausted within a short time after issue. It is published by Mr. J. M. Watkins, and can be obtained at this office at 2s. 6d. net, or post free 2s. 10d.

OMENS AND APPARITIONS.

WARNING MESSENGERS FROM THE BORDERLAND.

Writing in the "Star" of the 14th inst., Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan), the well-known Irish novelist and poet, in an interesting article entitled "The Middle World," treats of "certain mysterious happenings" which belong to the borderland between the natural and the supernatural. They consist for the most part of accounts of mysterious death warnings peculiar to particular families.

Thus we are told of the "Gormanston foxes," the legend being that when a Gormanston dies "all the foxes in the country, real living foxes, come into Gormanston Castle." Abandoning their natural shyness of man they "fill the courtyard and enter the house wherever they can find an opening." A weird spectacle indeed!

Following comes a "banshee" story. The author relates that the head of an old Irish family said to her: "We have a banshee if you can call it that. It is not the crying women. It is an animal—a little animal like a small dog or a fox. It runs suddenly across a room you enter, or it looks at you from behind a tree. You can't be sure you've seen it." He had seen it or something like it a short time before on the occasion of the death in battle of a distinguished soldier, a member of his family.

Of the warnings which take the form of birds, real or phantasmal, Mrs. Hinkson tells some strange stories: birds, by the way, figure very noticeably in the general lore of death warnings. After narrating some instances in the case of one particular family, Mrs. Hinkson writes:—

But the strangest experience happened to two sisters of this family. These were grown women, living together. The other members were dead or scattered. One February night one sister was awakened by the sound of the other feeling about in the darkness.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

The other sister answered her, wide-awake, "There's a bird in the room. I caught it in my hands, but it has escaped. It must be a penguin. It had no wings—only just the soft body of a bird."

A candle was lit, but there was no bird. Some months later word came through a lawyer, who had been trying to trace their whereabouts, of the death of an aunt who had been forty years—long enough for everyone to have forgotten her—in a lunatic asylum. They had never heard of her existence, but she had died on that particular night.

Just think of it, the wingless bird, for the poor unmined body that had surely lost—and found—its wings!

A little later, and before they had heard of the death, one of the sisters, looking up, saw a beautiful sea-swallow in the room. When she looked steadily it was not there. This second apparition of a bird brought great comfort to someone who had loved the poor mad creature, giving assurance that the soul had found its wings.

We are also told of a case in which the illness and death of an old uncle of a friend of the writer were heralded by the apparition of a pigeon flying about his room. Mrs. Hinkson herself, when visiting the house in which someone very near and dear to her was passing away, was awakened at three o'clock in the morning by a tapping as of a little hammer. On mentioning it at breakfast she was told that it was a jackdaw, which pecked every morning at the window of the dying man's chamber, and that it had done the same thing at a house a little distance away during the illness of a young relative who had died in the preceding autumn.

Dog-lovers, especially those who are interested in the question of animal survival, will find comfort in the following:—

In an old house I know, an invisible dog runs across the floor, stops short as though discouraged, and goes back again. Sometimes he follows one of the two ladies of the house. Once in the twilight a young niece saw him scratching at the door of her aunt's room to come in. "Aunt Mary, Aunt Mary!" she calls, "come and see the dog!" But there is no dog there when Aunt Mary comes. The niece describes him as a little brown dog—not at all alarming. There is a living dog in the house who does not like it. He retires into a corner bristling and growling when the invisible dog comes in. Probably the little spirit of a dog, visiting familiar scenes, looking for friends long departed.

There is a story of an English country house where a big dog shakes himself and flings himself contentedly with a deep sigh on the rug in front of the billiard-room fire. The guests stare: there is no dog. "It is only old Grouse, who died in such a year," the host explains.

I can believe that story, although I am immune from superstitions. A certain very wise and dear little dog of my own died. While he was yet unburied, we, and a third—an unimaginative, common-sense person—sitting at table, heard the dog rush downstairs as he always did at the postman's knock. Again, we heard him lie down and get up under the table. We heard him about the house for a time. Well, all that is explicable. Where would the little unhouse-dog spirit be but with those who were the light of his eyes?

THE SPLENDID MOMENT.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in a touching letter to the "Occult Review" for September describes her anguish of mind, after a bereavement, while endeavouring to obtain direct proof of the continuance of life after death. In her despair she wrote to an intimate friend who had lost a beloved sister. The friend's reply gave her so much help and comfort that she obtained permission to make it public in the hope that it might be of service to others similarly situated. The friend, Mrs. Vermilye, a gifted and brilliant woman well known to American readers, wrote as follows:—

Du Maurier says in "Peter Ibbetson" what makes it all so logical in a way—that what is Beyond may be at times so incommunicable to mortals that it is not always possible to get even frayed edges of it over to our understanding. I know this was conveyed to me one dark, wet day, when I sat alone in deep grief for Martha, thinking how rebellious she must be at having to leave the world she loved so young. Then suddenly and softly the most ineffable joy touched me. I sat as one with every pore expectant—not moving. It was a breath of a feeling for which there is no name in language, and I had a sense as of golden sunlight rolling through the room and out. I came to reality, to find myself in the corner of the sofa, open-eyed, just as I had been, the room shadowy, the rain pouring. It was afternoon, and I was, and had been, wide awake. Something out of the Great Secret had touched me, so beautiful, so belittling to everything that humans call happiness, that I was thrilled and could not move. One thing this wonderful moment did for me—I never did, never could again, think of Martha as rebellious for having died. I knew she was happy, mine alone was the grief.

On other occasions, before and since that marvellous moment, I have felt Martha with me, entirely in a vague, subjective way. I am sure that which you seek will yet come to you, perhaps most unexpectedly.

THE PETERS TESTIMONIAL FUND.

Mr. H. Withall is happy to acknowledge the following additional subscriptions towards the proposed testimonial to Mr. Alfred Vout Peters:—

	£	s.	d.
A. C.	0	5
B. F. S.	0	5
Mrs. Dick Wilkinson	0	10

PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION.—Investigators who, taking an exalted view of their own sagacity, enter upon this inquiry with their minds made up as to the possible or impossible, are sure to fail. Such people should be shunned, as their habit of thought and mode of action are inappropriate and therefore essentially vulgar, for the essence of vulgarity is inappropriateness.—"On the Threshold of the Unseen," by SIR WILLIAM BARRETT, F.R.S.

BIGOTRY.—In all customary societies bigotry is the ruling principle. In rude places to this day anyone who says anything new is looked upon with suspicion, and is persecuted by opinion if not injured by penalty. One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea. It is, as common people say, so "upsetting"; it makes you think that, after all, your favourite notions may be wrong, your firmest beliefs ill-founded; it is certain that till now there was no place allotted in your mind to the new and startling inhabitant, and now that it has conquered an entrance, you do not at once see which of your old ideas it will or will not turn out, with which of them it can be reconciled, and with which it is at essential enmity. Naturally, therefore, common men hate a new idea, and are disposed, more or less, to ill-treat the original man who brought it.—WALTER BAGEHOT, "Physics and Politics."

"IPSISSIMA VERBA."

A CONCESSION TO A CRITIC.

In our Notes of the 18th ult. we gave a summary of a letter sent us by Mrs. M. Le F. Shepherd, of West Bank, Henley-on-Thames, in reply to the Rev. Ellis G. Roberts' article, "Spiritualism and its Critics," which appeared a fortnight before. We have received several letters from Mrs. Shepherd protesting that she has been unjustly treated by reason of the fact that we gave only a digest of her letter while we inserted in full Mr. Roberts' rejoinder to it in *LIGHT* of the 25th ult. Mrs. Shepherd affirms that by our neglect to print the entire text of her letter her statements were not properly represented and that Mr. Roberts was consequently misled. Rather than rest under the imputation of injustice or discourtesy we give Mrs. Shepherd's letter in full. We hope she will now be satisfied.

THE CASE AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—May I be permitted to pass one or two criticisms upon Mr. Ellis Roberts' letter—though not as replying for Dr. Mercier, who can very well reply for himself, but as one who is in the position of an "anti-Spiritualist"?

Mr. Ellis Roberts states that he is "not a Spiritualist," and "not very anxious to investigate the phenomena of the séance-room"; yet, in spite of this, he says: "Spiritualists have made out a very good case indeed." "The evidence seems well attested, the inductions appear to be cautiously made—very cautiously indeed in some instances." "The Spiritistic hypothesis . . . gives a fairly satisfactory explanation." The testimony recorded on pp. 221-224 in "Raymond" is so strong, in his opinion, that only "an *alibi*" could upset it (if Mr. Ellis Roberts means anything less than this he is trifling with the attention of his readers); therefore I take it he certifies the case for Spiritualism as proven on this one piece of testimony alone! He also points to two cases investigated by himself, privately, as irrefutable—at least, such is the inference. Previous to this he refers to having been the subject or recipient of "spontaneous phenomena" (whatever this may mean); and he finishes his article with a very noble eulogy on the efforts of "Myers and Lodge," tantamount to a declaration of belief which is glaringly inconsistent with his opening statements! Mr. Ellis Roberts is not to be considered an anti-Spiritualist; for he designates all these as "a mob" and invites them to "come on!" so to speak—laying about him in fine style, like a skilled wielder of clubs! He requests a "dispassionate statement" from "the other side," postulating that none has ever appeared; and he is evidently quite prepared to see the case "go by default"!

This being so there is only one thing to be done and that is to call upon Mr. Ellis Roberts to explain his own position in face of the overwhelming testimony he cites in favour of Spiritualism. Will he kindly tell us why he is "not a Spiritualist," and why he is "not very anxious to investigate the phenomena of the séance-room"? I await his explanation with interest, feeling sorry to have to reply to such a letter as his, because I recognise that it is necessary to argue on this subject impersonally, that is to say "dispassionately," because it affects the spiritual welfare of mankind so seriously.—Yours, &c.,

M. LE F. SHEPHERD.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

He did not look at the still, peaceful face: he knelt by the bedside, his head low, buried in his hands. Absorbed in himself, conscious only of his own personal loss, he cried aloud and he cursed God.

In vision, his soul left its body; escaped from time so that, in transcendence, he saw the long, long future all before him. And what had been, was not: she lived still on earth.

Long years passed; years of constant suffering, years of naught but suffering; years of bodily suffering for her, years of mental suffering for himself. But now he suffered not for himself, he suffered for her. And, in his vision, he cried to God, "Oh, God! All Powerful! Would that you had taken her then."

The vision passed and again he was in the body kneeling by the bedside, his head, low, buried in his hands. But now he was not absorbed in self; he was free, had found himself in others. And he rose up from his knees and bent over the bed and kissed the still, peaceful face. And, praying forgiveness

for the past, he thanked God that He had done what He had done. For now he knew his little loss was swallowed up in her great gain: he, though on earth, shared himself in the great gain.

When he left the still, peaceful room and its flowers framing the still, peaceful face, he knew all earthly ties were broken. But he carried away something. He carried away full peace at heart—peace never before known. He was conscious, conscious with the fullest of full assurance, that she was still with him, nearer and dearer and purer than ever on earth.

So, humbled, but content and firm at heart, he went back to the world, praying that the God of All might help him to act well the little part cast for him in the drama of man's universe.

GERALD TULLY.

VISUALISING THE SPIRITUAL.

We take the following from "Excelsior," the Burton Wood Parish Magazine, edited by the vicar, the Rev. A. M. Mitchell, M.A.:—

Few of us, nominal Christians, realise the spiritual for this reason—we are not concerned about it, if we are not altogether indifferent. "To visualise" involves too much effort, too much "fag." To successful visualising of the spiritual at least two things are necessary.

1. Firm, unflinching faith in the existence of the Unseen, that it is a living and bright reality very close at hand—a world which surrounds, encircles, envelops this "terrestrial ball," a life supernatural which interpenetrates the natural. The all-embracing ether, earth's immense envelope through which the vibration of light, heat and electric action are propagated, is said to be the world invisible in which rejoice the disembodied spirits, the happy ones delivered from the burden of the flesh. . . .

2. Effort to live in the spiritual world, to think in it, to speak and act from out of it. We are spiritual beings, "trailing clouds of glory do we come from God Who is our Home."

To speak correctly as to myself, I should say, "I am spirit," "I have a body." "I am" is spiritual, "I have" is physical. For purposes of evolution—evolution of the Divine within us—the "I am" has taken to it a material body and clothed itself in a robe of human flesh.

The daily effort to grip the Unseen World, if it extends over a few brief moments only, will result in visualising a vast, beautiful, eternal world; a joyous life of fellowship and peace will rise upon our view; we shall feel how truly we belong to that Other World and Other Side of Life whilst our sphere of action is for the time being on this, the Earth Side of our being.

It is in our power so to visualise the spiritual that the things which belong to it become the great, the only realities; the things which are seen comparatively of little worth.

Concentration of thought, affections, will on the spiritual world, spiritual things, spiritual beings will cause "the ether world" to vibrate for us with light and heat and spiritual power.

DR. MERCIER AND SPIRITUALISM.

"An Observer" writes:—

A recent criticism in "*LIGHT*" of Dr. Mercier's article in the July "*Hibbert*" seeks to put him out of court altogether. Dr. Mercier is a psychologist—Sir Oliver Lodge is not. We may accept provisionally all that Dr. Mercier says about the morbid; we may accept in the same way all that Sir Oliver Lodge has to say about true psychic experience. A correct perspective of the domain of insanity may be attained, perhaps, by an additional study of such a book as Lombroso's "*Man of Genius*." In any case the theories which we adopt must include facts from as many different regions of psychic experience as possible. The most important question we can ask Dr. Mercier is: Can he assure us that the view of medical psychology in relation to Spiritualism and the experimental searching of patients' minds for their contents do not in some cases "retard recovery from insanity" and may not "render permanent what might otherwise have been a temporary affection"? Spiritualism has much to tell medical psychology. Judging by Dr. Mercier's article the latter has nothing to tell the former. A noted Churchman warned the Church against mistaking "the dawn for a conflagration." Is not medical psychology making the same mistake, and this in the face of such an appeal as Lombroso's, in which he called the attention of science without delay to phenomena of "colossal importance"?